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REVIEWS.

History of Friedrich the Second, called Frederick the Great. By Thomas Carlyle. In Four Volumes. Vols. I. and II. (Chapman & Hall.)

(CONCLUDING NOTICE.)

YOUNG FRITZ, as we saw, fell under his father's displeasure from sympathising with the female side of the royal household rather than the male; from being, in fact, too much of a Frenchman in his ways and notions, and not enough of a German. But there were different politics as well as tastes in the male and female quarters of the palace, and the resolute part taken by the Crown Prince in carrying out his mother's plans, even when directly opposed to his father's wishes, by degrees kindled the latter's growing aversion to his son into settled hatred and active hostility. This political element, which wrought so tragically in the royal household at Berlin, is so complicated in itself, and so blended in its working with the confused web of European politics, that it almost defies analysis or explanation. Nevertheless, since it affected the whole of Prince Frederick's early life, and was the direct cause of its more memorable events, it cannot be passed over in silence. Frederick's mother, Queen Sophie Dorothee, intent on the advancement of her family, had early set her heart on an alliance with England. She had formed her plan, indeed, as early as the birth of her first daughter, Wilhelmina, and on her next visit to Hanover, proposed it to Princess Caroline, afterwards Queen Caroline of England, who had been intimate at the Prussian Court before her marriage. "You, Caroline, cousin dear, have a little Prince, Fritz, or let us call him Fred, since he is to be English, little Fred, who will one day, if all go right, be king of England. He is two years older than my little Wilhelmina; why should not they wed, and the two chief Protestant Houses and Nations thereby be united?" Princess Caroline was very willing; so was Electress Sophie, the Great-Grandmother of both the parties; so were the Georges, Father and Grandfather of Fred: little Fred himself was highly charmed, when told of it; even little Wilhelmina, with her dolls, looked pleasantly demure on the occasion." Thus one marriage with England was settled to the satisfaction of all parties. After little Fritz's birth the project took a more complicated shape. "You, dear Princess Caroline, you have now two little Princesses again, either of whom might suit my little Fritzchen: let us take Amelia, the second of them, who is nearest his age?" "Agreed!" answered Princess Caroline again. "Agreed!" answered all the parties interested: and so it was settled that the marriage of Prussia to England should be a Double one, Fred of Hanover and England to Wilhelmina, Fritz of Prussia to Amelia." The double-marriage project was thus settled, as far it could be by private arrangement; and children and parents lived in the expectation that it would certainly one day be fulfilled. Queen Sophie was naturally anxious that the private arrangement should be publicly ratified, but no step was taken towards securing a formal treaty for some years to come. Not that

George of Hanover at all drew back from his engagement, but he was now on the English throne, occupied with other cares, and not in a humour to forward the double-marriage business. He had lost his wife, who would have moved actively in the matter, quarrelled with his son, "the foolish, disobedient Prince of Wales, Fred's father," and had troubles enough of his own, public and private. "Parliamentary insolences, Jacobite plottings, South-Sea Bubbles," abroad; hungry Hanover nobles and German mistresses, "quasi-wives," all needing provision at home. Two of these latter who are installed in the palace, Schulenburg, afterwards Duchess of Kendal, "lean, long, and hard, called 'May-pole' by the English populace," and Kiellmannsegg, afterwards "Countess of Darlington"—"a mere cataract of fluid tallow, skinned over and curiously dizen'd"—must be conciliated and brought to consent, if the marriage project is really to proceed. At length, however, through Queen Sophie's diligent efforts, all difficulties in the way are surmounted, and in the autumn of 1723, King George, then on a visit to Hanover, is brought to accept a formal treaty. He agreed to all the conditions proposed; but there was still a delay, as the treaty could not be signed without the consent of the English Parliament. The matter is considered, however, to be as good as settled; and there is, accordingly, great rejoicing at Berlin, especially in Queen Sophie's triumphant heart. Everything for some time went very favourably. In September, 1725, for example, on the startling news of a close union having been suddenly effected between the hostile courts of Madrid and Vienna, a secret treaty, the treaty of Hanover, was signed by England, France, and Prussia. A political treaty showing such cordiality between the two kings, was surely full of good omen to the domestic treaty of the double-marriage, which the anxious, impatient queen naturally hoped would now at length be signed.

Fresh obstacles, nevertheless, arise both in Hanover and England. Frederick William, in his zeal for tall recruits, has poached upon his cousin of Hanover's territories, and secretly committed even, it is said, at the desertion of his troops. King George's zeal in the matter, never very great, was not likely to be quickened by these events. Constitutionally slow, and "intolerably proud since he got that English dignity" (say his Prussian relatives), he showed no eagerness whatever to complete the treaty. While keeping his good faith inviolate, he replied to every remonstrance on the subject, "that there was plenty of time, the parties were still young, and English Parliaments were not to be hurried." These delays about the double-marriage treaty are displeasing to Frederick William, who is easily hurt by slights, and dislikes to have the business of to-day thrust over upon to-morrow. Through Queen Sophie's ever-awake enthusiasm and untiring good offices, all, however, would still have been well, but for a new difficulty, more serious than the old, which in the end ruined the entire project. In this second phase of its history, the double-marriage question rises into European interest. It became of the utmost importance to the Kaiser to detach Frederick William from the English alliance, and gain him, and if need were, his well-disciplined army, for himself. He determined therefore, if possible, to destroy the treaty of Hanover, and defeat the double-marriage

scheme, and succeeded in both attempts. The way in which this was accomplished is an admirable specimen of Austrian diplomacy. The agent first employed to work on Frederick William was one of his tobacco-associates and advisers, known to be bribeable—Grumkow, "a cunning, long-headed fellow, of the Pomeranian nobility by birth, who has been in foreign countries doing legations, diplomacies for which, at least for the vulpine parts of which, he has a turn." Grumkow was first employed to introduce into the palace an abler artist than himself. The real bearward, who had undertaken at the Emperor's request to "slip the imperial muzzle well round the snout of that rugged ursine animal," the iracund King of Prussia, was "our experienced Ordnance Master and Diplomatist, Graf von Seckendorf, a conscientious Protestant, and the cunningest of men, able to lie all lengths." His first appearance at Berlin, in May, 1726, the King smoking, towards sunset, in the *Tabagie*, or Tobacco-hall, of the palace, was as follows:—

"Prussian Majesty sits smoking at the window; nothing particular going on. A square-built shortish steelgray Gentleman, of military cut, past fifty, is strolling over the *Schlossplatz* (spacious Square in front of the Palace), conspicuous amid the sparse populations there; pensively recreating himself, in the yellow sunlight and long shadows, as after a day's hard labour or travel. 'Who is that?' inquires Friedrich Wilhelm, suspending his tobacco. Grumkow answers cautiously, after survey: He thinks it must be Ordnance-Master Seckendorf; who was with him to-day; passing on rapidly towards Denmark, on business that will not wait.—'Experienced Feldzeugmeister Graf von Seckendorf, whom we stand in correspondence with, of late, and were expecting about this time? Whom we have known at the Siege of Stralsund, nay ever since the Marlborough times and the Siege of Menin, in war and peace; and have always reckoned a solid reasonable man and soldier: Why has he not come to us?'—'Your Majesty,' confesses Grumkow, 'his business is so pressing! Business in Denmark will not wait. Seckendorf owned he had come slightly round, in his eagerness to see our grand Review at Tempelhof the day after to-morrow: What soldier would omit the sight (so he was pleased to intimate) of soldiering carried to the non-plus-ultra! But he hoped to do it quite incognito, among the general public;—and then to be at the gallop again: not able to have the honour of paying his court at this time.'—'Court? *Narren-Possen* (Non-sense)!' answers Friedrich Wilhelm,—and opening the window, beckons Seckendorf up, with his own royal head and hand. The conversation of a man who had rational sense, and could tell him anything, were it only news of foreign parts in a rational manner, was always welcome to Friedrich Wilhelm.

"And so Seckendorf, how can he help it, is installed in the *Tabagie*; glides into pleasant conversation there. A captivating talker; solid for religion, for the rights of Germany against intrusive French and others: such insight, orthodoxy, sense, and ingenuity; pleasant to hear; and all with the due quantity of oil, though he 'both snuffles and lisps'; and has privately, in case of need, a capacity of lying,—for he curiously distils you any lie, in his religious alembics, till it become tolerable to his conscience, or even palatable, as elixirs are:—capacity of double-distilled lying probably the greatest of his day.—Seckendorf assists at the grand Review, 13th May, 1726; witnesses with unfeigned admiration the non-plus-ultra of manoeuvring, and, in fact, the general management, military and other, of this admirable King. Seckendorf, no question of it, will do his Denmark business swiftly, then, since your Majesty is pleased so to wish. Seckendorf, sure enough, will return swiftly to such a King, whose familiar company, vouchsafed him in this noble manner, he likes,—O how he likes it!"

In a week or two of course Seckendorf is back at Berlin. He attends his Majesty on his annual military tour, attends him everywhere, becomes in fact indispensable to him, and is nominated in a month or two Kaiser's Minister at Berlin. There are thus "two black artists of the first quality," bearing on the unconscious Frederick William, and Seckendorf for the next seven years sticks to him like his shadow, and fascinates his whole existence and him, as few wizards could have done." We have a fuller portrait of this distinguished diplomatic artist.

"Excellenz Seckendorf, whom Friedrich Wilhelm so loves, is by no means a beautiful man; far the reverse. Bodily,—and the spirit corresponds,—a stiff-backed, petrified, stony, inscrutable-looking, and most unbeautiful old Intriguer. Portraits of him, which are frequent, tell all one story. The brow puckered together, in a wide web of wrinkles from each temple, as if it meant to hide the bad pair of eyes, which look suspicion, inquiry, apprehension, habit of double-distilled mendacity; the indeterminate projecting chin, with its thick, chapped under-lip, is shaken-out, or shoved-out, in mill-hopper fashion,—as if to swallow anything there may be, spoken thing or other, and grind it to profitable meal for itself. Spiritually he was an old Soldier let for hire; an old Intriguer, Liar, Fighter, what you like. What we may call a Human Soul standing like a hackney-coach, this half-century past, with head, tongue, heart, conscience, at the best of a discerning public and its shilling.

"He comes from Anspach originally; and has kindred Seckendorfs in office there, old Ritters in that Country. He inherited a handsome castle and estate, Meuselwitz, near Altenburg in the Thuringian region, from that Uncle, Ernst of Saxe-Gotha's man, whom we spoke of; and has otherwise gained wealth; all which he holds like a vice. Once, at Meuselwitz, they say, he and some young secretary, of a smartish turn, sat working or conversing, in a large room with only one candle to illuminate: the secretary, snuffing the candle, snuffed it out: 'Pshaw,' said Seckendorf impatiently, 'where did you learn to handle snuff?' 'Excellenz, in a place where there were two lights kept!' replied the other.—For the rest, he has a good old Wife at Meuselwitz, who is now old, and had never any children; who loves him much, and is much loved by him, it would appear: this is really the best fact I ever knew of him,—poor bankrupt creature; gone all to spiritual rheumatism, to strict orthodoxy, with unlimited mendacity; and avarice as the general outcome! Stiff-backed, close-fisted strength, all grown wooden or stony; yet some little well of human sympathy does lie far in the interior: one wishes, after all (since he could not be got hanged in time for us), good days to his poor old Wife and him! He both lisps and snuffles, as was mentioned; writes cunningly, acres of despatches to Prince Eugene; never swears, though a military man, except on great occasions one oath, *Jamais-bleu*.—which is perhaps some flash-note version of *Chair-de-Dieu*, like *Par-bleu*, 'Zounds and the rest of them, which the Devil cannot prosecute you for; whereby an economic man has the pleasure of swearing on cheap terms."

Dating from the autumn of 1726, this cunning old gentleman may be said to have "taken possession of Frederick William; to have gone into him, Grumkow and he, as two devils would have done in the old miraculous times; and, in many senses, it was they, not the nominal proprietor, that lived Frederick William's life. For the next seven years a figure went about, not doubting that it was Frederick William; but it was in reality Seckendorf-and-Grumkow much more. These two, conjurer and his man, both invisible have caught their royal wild Bear; got a rope round his muzzle;—and so dance him about. Grumkow, a very Machiavel after

his sort, knew the nature of the royal animal as no other did. Grumkow, purchased by his pension of £500 a year, is dog-cheap at the money, as Seckendorf often urges at Vienna." He has, however, ample money at command to purchase other people when needed, so that all things and persons can be falsified and enchanted at will. At length it has got so far that "Frederick William's ambassador at London maintains a cipher correspondence with Grumkow, and writes to the King, not what is really passing in court or city there, but what Grumkow wishes him to think is passing."

It need scarcely be said, that with such admirable machinery Seckendorf soon accomplished all he wished. Within three months after his arrival he had withdrawn Frederick William from his old allies, and induced him to sign a secret treaty, engaging to support the Kaiser in case of attack by a foreign power. In return for which the shifty Kaiser gives shadowy and insincere promises of help to Frederick William. The double-marriage project fared no better than the Hanover treaty. These black artists gradually defeated it by stealthy opposition and suggestions of delay. They knew so well how to fill the King's mind with doubt and suspicion, how to suggest difficulties in a stolid, simple, but at the same time apparently loyal and virtuous manner, that they could do anything they liked with him. They were resolved to set him against this marriage scheme, and the result of their efforts soon appeared in his growing opposition to the whole project. Queen Sophie, however, who knew only in part of what was really going on, abated not a jot in her zealous efforts to bring her chosen plan about.

This was the state of things in the palace when the Crown Prince, just rising from boyhood into youth, began to take a keen interest in public affairs, and especially in the double-marriage question, which concerned himself and his favourite sister so nearly. On the one hand, in the Tobacco-Parliament, with the King were Seckendorf and Grumkow, resolute against the double-marriage, skilfully pulling the strings, and making the King the instrument of their will. On the other hand Queen Sophie Dorothea, equally resolute in favour of the project, defending it against all opponents, and seeking in every way,—by secret correspondence with England, by gaining help from the English and Dutch ambassadors,—to bring her plan to bear; at lowest to prevent its defeat. She had resolved upon it, and would not give it up, even though the King had declared it should never be. With a King like Frederick William between two such parties, the results would naturally be rather serious, if not tragical. And they were so. This domestic and political division destroyed the peace of the palace for years, made the King an unnatural monster, and nearly broke the hearts of all directly concerned in the project. Its effects on the Crown Prince in particular were most disastrous. He took his mother's side, and thus became obnoxious to Seckendorf and Grumkow. And these worthies did not fail, by dextrous hints and insinuations of his rebellious sayings and doings, to fan the king's displeasure against his son into a fierce flame of wrath and hatred.

The working of this fatal element in ever-increasing degrees of intensity, may be traced during the next three years of Frederick's history. His estrangement from his father, with all its painful and

humiliating results, gradually went on from bad to worse till the position became altogether intolerable, and he resolved to escape from it by flight to England. It runs, indeed, through nearly the whole of the first period of his military history, from soon after the time when he first entered the Potsdam guards, to the dark day when he attempted to escape, was arrested, tried by court-martial, and sentenced to death as a deserter. He had entered the Potsdam Life-Guards—his father's favourite giant regiment—in May, 1725, having been appointed captain by the king in a war-council. Two years after, on a vacancy occurring, he was nominated major, and commenced actual parade duty, though not yet quite fifteen. He did his duty well, and gradually acquired a thorough knowledge of his profession. But he did not much like the work either then, or for a long time afterwards. To an ardent boy just entering into life, and parting for an open adventurous career that would gratify his active imagination and give free scope to his powers, bodily and mental, the ever-returning inexorable parade routine and military formality was naturally distasteful enough, at times even hateful. But there was no escape, and he tried to make the best of his position. The monotony of his grey uniform Potsdam life, which lasted for three or four years, was however occasionally broken by glimpses of brighter things. He spent regularly a week or two at Berlin during Carnival time (what we should call the height of the season), and soon began to be noted in court and literary circles there for his sprightly sense, love of literature, and ingenious ways. Out at Potsdam, too, he has his books, his flute, and a few chosen companions with whom he beguiles the weary time. But the worst feature of Fritz's life at Potsdam is his father's discontent with it, and his growing displeasure against his son. No doubt the youth's repugnance to military duty, and devotion to forbidden pursuits, were faithfully reported to the incensed Frederick William by Grumkow spies. "Already the paternal countenance does not shine upon him—flames often, and thunders to a shocking degree; and worse days are coming."

The king soon had in fact a more plausible, if not a more substantial ground for his displeasure. From his French tastes and intimate association with free companions, Fritz about this time fell not unnaturally into dissipated habits. We get a glimpse into this side of his life from his doings at Dresden in the Carnival of 1728, during a visit which he paid with his father to his Polish Majesty, "August, the Physically Strong." The visit, which lasted four weeks, was one of unparalleled splendour. Such magnificent Carnival amusements, illuminations, cannon salvos, and fireworks, operas, comedies, redoubts, sow-baitings, fox and badger baiting, reviewing, running at the ring, and sumptuous feasting were never known before. To Fritz, the young soldier-apprentice, all this was in very pleasant contrast to the Potsdam guard-house; and he entered with a hearty relish into both the public festivities and the private riot of that dissolute Sardanapalus court. How deeply, may be judged clearly enough from Mr. Carlyle's illustrations, which, however, we need not repeat. The effects of the vicious courses into which he plunged during those few weeks soon appeared on his return home: infected his whole life, indeed, for years to come:

"The sad truth, dimly indicated, is sufficiently visible: his life for the next four or five years was 'extremely dissolute.' Poor young man, he has got into a disastrous course; consorts chiefly with debauched young fellows, as Lieutenants Katte, Keith, and others of their stamp, who lead him on ways not pleasant to his Father, nor comfortable to the Laws of this Universe. Health, either of body or of mind, is not to be looked for in his present way of life. The bright young soul, with its fine strengths and gifts; wallowing like a young rhinoceros in the mud-bath:—some say, it is wholesome for a human soul; not we!

"All this is too certain; rising to its height in the years we are now got to, and not ending for four or five years to come: and the reader can conceive all this, and whether its effects were good or not. Friedrich Wilhelm's old-standing dis-favour is converted into open aversion and protest, many times into fits of sorrow, rage and despair, on his luckless Son's behalf;—and it appears doubtful whether this bright young human soul, comparable for the present to a rhinoceros wallowing in the mudbath, with nothing but its snout visible, and a dirty gurgle all the sound it makes, will ever get out again or not.

"The rhinoceros soul got out, but not uninjured; alas, no, bitterly polluted, tragically dimmed of its finest radiances for the remainder of life. The distinguished Sauerteig, in his *Spring-Wurzeln*, has these words: 'To burn away, in mad waste, the divine aromas and plainly celestial elements from our existence; to change our holy-of-holies into a place of riot; to make the soul itself hard, impious, barren! Surely a day is coming, when it will be known again what virtue is in purity and continence of life; how divine is the blush of young human cheeks; how high, beneficent, sternly inexorable if forgotten, is the duty laid, not on women only, but on every creature, in regard to these particulars? Well; if such a day never come again, then I perceive much else will never come. Magnanimity and depth of insight will never come; heroic purity of heart and of eye; noble pious valour, to amend us and the age of bronze and lacker, how can they ever come? The scandalous bronze-lacker age, of hungry animalisms, spiritual impotencies and mendacities, will have to run its course, till the Pit swallow it.'—

"In the case of Friedrich, it is certain such a day never fully came. The 'age of bronze and lacker,' so as it then stood,—relieved truly by a backbone of real Spartan iron (of right battle steel when needed): this was all the world he ever got to dream of. His ideal, compared to that of some, was but low; his existence a hard and barren, though a genuine one, and only worth much memory in the absence of better. Enough of all that."

The fatal double-marriage project again comes in to intensify Frederick's William's displeasure against his erring disobedient son. "George the Second, never a lover of the Prussian Majesty's, nor loved by him, had been very high and distant ever since his accession, rather offensive indeed than otherwise," which irritated Frederick William, and set him still more against the notion of an English alliance. Queen Sophie, still resolutely bent upon it, declares even she will "overturn the German empire if they drive her to it in this matter." Her son, the Crown Prince, equally obstinate, writes at this crisis a secret letter to Queen Caroline in England, avowing eternal constancy to the Princess Amelia. Frederick William, ignorant of this audacious act of rebellion, surmises, nevertheless, the general drift of things in that quarter; "how a disobedient son, crossing his father's will in every point, abets his mother's disobedience in this one." This is, of course, a fearful aggravation of his ill-humour. The poor youth has a bad time of it. The father's rage, hurrying now towards the flaming pitch, manifests itself

sometimes in surly gusts of indignation, not unfrequently in cuffs and strokes, or still worse in settled aversion, and studied neglect and contempt, so as not to notice him in public or even help him at table. The turn which political events soon took, especially the treaty of Seville, which ranked France and England on the side of Spain, and left the Kaiser by himself, raised the King's violence to an intolerable pitch. The Crown Prince and his sister were forbidden his presence altogether, except at dinner. If he accidentally crossed them they were rudely spurned with "*Canaille Anglais*," and similar epithets, or treated with personal violence. The English Ambassador writes at this date, "His Prussian Majesty cannot bear the sight of either the Prince or the Princess Royal. The other day he asked the Prince, 'Kalkstein makes you English; does not he?' Kalkstein, your old tutor, Borek, Knyphausen, Furkestern, they are all of that vile clique!" To which the Prince answered, 'I respect the English, because I know the people there love me;' upon which the King seized him by the collar, struck him fiercely with his cane; 'in fact, rained showers of blows upon him; and it was only by superior strength,' thinks Dubourgay, 'that the poor Prince escaped worse.' There is a general apprehension of something tragical taking place before long."

Matters were in fact fast coming to a crisis. The Crown Prince, who at the bottom of his heart had pride and resolution enough, determined that he would no longer bear his father's cruelty and violence. He had cherished at first some gloomy thoughts of suicide, but finally resolved to escape to England. The only difficulty was how to manage this, as he was surrounded by his father's spies, whose vigilance it was difficult to elude. After waiting some months an opportunity at length occurred. In the summer of the following year the King determined on a visit to Anspach, to see his young daughter recently married there, purposing to extend his journey into the Reich mainly for political reasons. It was arranged that the Crown Prince should accompany his father, lest he should run away or do mischief in the King's absence. He was watched however throughout the journey, like a state prisoner. He felt the time was come, and that now or never a desperate attempt must be made to escape. To this end he corresponds diligently with his old friends Lieuts. Katte and Keith, who arranged a plan, and obtained the means for carrying it into effect. This part of Frederick's history is tolerably well known, and we need not therefore dwell upon it. It will be enough to say that he was discovered before he had mounted his horse on the morning of his intended flight, and the correspondence with Katte having been detected, was arrested, and brought back prisoner to Berlin. Frederick William's flaming indignation and murderous rage at this discovery may be imagined. It created wild dismay, too, in the royal palace at home.

"The fact of arrest, and unknown mischief to the Prince, is taken for certain; but what may be the issues of it: who besides the Prince have been involved in it, especially who will be found to have been involved, is matter of dire guess to the three who are most interested here. Lieutenant Katte finds he ought to dispose of the Prince's effects which were intrusted to him; of the Thousand gold Thalers in particular, and, beyond and before all, of the locked Writing-desk, in which lies the Prince's Correspondence, the very

Queen and Princess likely to be concerned in it! Katte despatches these two objects, the Money and the little Desk, in all secrecy, to Madam Finckenstein, as to the surest hand, with a short Note shadowing out what he thinks they are: Countess Finckenstein, old General von Finckenstein's Wife, and a second mother to the Prince, she, like her Husband, a sworn partisan of the Prince and his Mother, shall do with these precious and terrible objects what, to her own wise judgment, seems best.

"Madam Finckenstein carries them at once, in deep silence, to the Queen. Huge dismay on the part of the Queen and Princess. They know too well what Letters may be there; and there is a seal on the Desk, and no key to it; neither must it, in time coming, seem to have been opened, even if we could now open it. A desperate pinch, and it must be solved. Female wit and Wilhelmina did solve it, by some preëminently acute device of their despair; and contrived to get the Letters out: hundreds of Letters, enough to be our death if read, says Wilhelmina. These Letters they burnt; and set to writing, fast as the pen would go, other letters in their stead. Fancy the mood of these two Royal Women, and the black whirlwind they were in. Wilhelmina's despatch was incredible; pen went at the gallop night and day: new letters, of old dates and of no meaning, are got into the Desk again; the Desk closed, without mark of injury, and shoved aside while it is yet time."

The Crown Prince himself was hurried on to the fortress of Cüstrin, a strong little town some sixty or seventy miles eastward of Berlin. Here he was treated as a malefactor, stripped of every mark of dignity, clothed in a brown prison dress, his diet fixed at tenpence a-day, his food being cut for him, so that he might not have access to a knife. Frederick William, unable to discover the real truth, steadfastly believed that England has had a hand in his son's attempt to escape, and in the extremity of his wrath, publicly proposes as a toast one day at dinner, "The downfall of England." The culprits being military men were tried by court-martial. The sentence of the court was, against Lieut. Keith, as an actual deserter, death; against Katte, as only intending to desert, two years' imprisonment. This milder verdict provokes from his Majesty an angry rebuke of the too lax court-martial. Katte's crime, in his Majesty's view, amounts to high treason, and the doom is declared to be death. Every effort is used to soften his majesty's resolve, but in vain.

"On Sunday evening, 5th November, it is intimated to him, unexpectedly at the moment, that he has to go to Cüstrin, and there die;—a carriage now waiting at the gate. Katte masters the sudden flurry; signifies that all is ready, then; and so, under charge of his old Major and two brother Officers, who, and Chaplain Müller, are in the carriage with him, a troop of his own old Cavalry Regiment escorting, he leaves Berlin (rather on sudden summons); drives all night, towards Cüstrin and immediate death. Words of sympathy were not wanting, to which Katte answered cheerily; grim faces were a cloud of sorrow for the poor youth, that night. Chaplain Müller's exhortations were fervent and continual; and, from time to time, there were heard, hoarsely melodious through the damp darkness and the noise of wheels, snatches of 'devotional singing,' led by Müller.

"It was in the gray of the winter morning, 6th November, 1730, that Katte arrived in Cüstrin Garrison. He took kind leave of Major and men: Adieu, my brothers; good be with you evermore!—And, about nine o'clock, he is on the road towards the Rampart of the Castle, where a scaffold stands. Katte wore, by order, a brown dress exactly like the Prince's; the Prince is already brought down into a lower room, to see Katte as he passes (to 'see Katte die,' had been

the royal order; but they smuggled that into abeyance; and Katte knows he shall see him. Faithful Müller was in the death-car along with Katte; and he had adjoined to himself one Besserer, the Chaplain of the Garrison, in this sad function, since arriving. Here is a glimpse from Besserer, which we may take as better than nothing:

"His (Katte's) eyes were mostly directed to God; and we (Müller and I), on our part, strove to hold his heart up heavenwards, by presenting the examples of those who had died in the Lord,—as of God's Son himself, and Stephen, and the Thief on the Cross,—till, under such discoursing, we approached the Castle. Here, after long wistful looking about, he did get sight of his beloved Jonathan, Royal Highness the Crown-Prince, 'at a window in the Castle; from whom he, with the politest and most tender expression, spoken in French, took leave, with no little emotion of sorrow.'

"President Münchow and the Commandant were with the Prince; whose emotions one may fancy, but not describe. Seldom did any Prince or man stand in such a predicament. Vain to say, and again say: 'In the name of God, I ask you, stop the execution till I write to the King!' Impossible that; as easily stop the course of the stars. And so here Katte comes; cheerful loyalty still beaming on his face, death now nigh. '*Pardonnez-moi, mon cher Katte!*' cried Friedrich in a tone: Pardon me, dear Katte; O, that this should be what I have done for you!—'Death is sweet for a Prince I love so well,' said Katte, '*La mort est douce pour un si aimable Prince;*' and fared on,—round some angle of the Fortress, it appears; not in sight of Friedrich; who sank into a faint, and had seen his last glimpse of Katte in this world.

"The body lay all day upon the scaffold, by royal order; and was buried at night obscurely in the common churchyard; friends, in silence, took mark of the place against better times,—and Katte's dust now lies elsewhere, among that of his own kindred."

No objection was made to the sentence of death pronounced by the court-martial against the Crown Prince, the Junius-Brutus Sire grimly approving the condemnation of his son; may he seemed disposed to carry it into effect, but his councillors one and all interposed vehemently, good old Buddenbrock, in the fire of still unsuccessful pleading, tearing open his waistcoat, "if your Majesty requires blood, take mine; that other you shall never get, so long as I can speak." Foreign courts interposed, the Kaiser himself even wrote an autograph letter; and so at length the poor Crown Prince is pardoned, and a chance given him of retrieving his position by quiet assiduity in local government business at Cüstrin.

In the gloomy fortress of Cüstrin, the fortunes of the unhappy Frederick reached their lowest ebb, a gradual and steady rise being perceptible from the very day he ceased to be a prisoner within its walls. His course during the next ten years is one of sure and steady progress. He was evidently learning to look the realities about him resolutely in the face, and to reap some fruit from the years of bitter experience through which he had passed. His life during these ten years divides itself into three periods, and these periods are defined by the three places in which it was passed; Cüstrin, Ruppin, and Reinsberg. At Cüstrin, as the younger member of a government board, he studied economic science, acquired a practical knowledge of finance, and skill in the dispatch of business. After remaining rather more than a year at Cüstrin, and discharging his new duties there to his father's entire satisfaction, he was reinstated in his military rank, and lived with his regiment at Ruppin.

Here he zealously devoted himself to his profession, studying assiduously all works on military science, and resolutely applying himself to the practical duties of his post. With such success that in the four years he remained there, according to the verdict of the strictest judges, he became both theoretically and practically a thoroughly accomplished officer and soldier. A year or two after his marriage, which took place while he remained at Ruppin, he removed to Reinsberg, a good-sized mansion in the neighbourhood, which had been fitted up to receive the Prince's retinue, and was in fact a kind of country palace and provincial court. Here he devoted himself chiefly to study and literature, had several literary men about him, corresponded with many distinguished men, above all, with Voltaire, and himself produced works both in prose and poetry rather above than below the average merit of contemporary literary effort. He was, however, at the same time diligently educating himself for other work, for the duties of government, which it became evident during the last year or two of his stay would soon devolve upon him. Frederick William, who had been ailing for some time past, returned from his country palace to Berlin in the autumn of 1740 seriously ill; and after lingering for a few months, without any substantial improvement, died in the April following:

"The last breath of Friedrich Wilhelm having fled, Friedrich hurried to a private room; sat there all in tears; looking back through the gulfs of the Past, upon such a Father now rapt away for ever. Sad all, and soft in the moonlight of memory,—the lost Loved One all in the right as we now see, we all in the wrong!—This, it appears, was the Son's fixed opinion. Seven years hence, here is how Friedrich concludes the *History* of his Father, written with a loyal admiration throughout: 'We have left under silence the domestic chagrins of this great Prince: readers must have some indulgence for the faults of the Children, in consideration of the virtues of such a Father.' All in tears he sits at present, meditating these sad things.

"In a little while the Old-Dessauer, about to leave for Dessau, ventures in to the Crown-Prince, Crown-Prince no longer; 'embraces his knees'; offers, weeping, his condolence, his congratulation;—hopes withal that his sons and he will be continued in their old posts, and that he, the Old-Dessauer, 'will have the same authority as in the late reign.' Friedrich's eyes, at this last clause, flash out fearless, strangely Olympian. 'In your posts I have no thought of making change: in your posts, yes;—and as to authority, I know of none there can be but what resides in the King that is sovereign!' Which, as it were, struck the breath out of the Old-Dessauer; and sent him home with a painful miscellany of feelings, astonishment not wanting among them.

"At an after hour, the same night, Friedrich went to Berlin; met by acclamation enough. He slept there, not without tumult of dreams, one may fancy; and on awakening next morning, the first sound he heard, was that of the Regiment Glasenap under his window, swearing fealty to the new King. He sprang out of bed in a tempest of emotion; bustled distractedly to and fro, wildly weeping: Pöllnitz, who came into the anteroom, found him in this state, 'half-dressed, with dishevelled hair, in tears, and as if beside himself.' 'These huzzahings only tell me what I have lost!' said the new King.—'He was in great suffering,' suggested Pöllnitz; 'he is now at rest.' 'True, he suffered; but he was here with us; and now—!'"

The Crown Prince is now King, and here Mr. Carlyle leaves him for the present, the above extract being the last page of his second volume.

Instead of indulging in lengthened criti-

cism, we have endeavoured to give our readers an outline of Mr. Carlyle's plan, with some specimens of the manner in which it is executed, as this is naturally what they will be most anxious for just now. Nor, indeed, are we much disposed to criticise, though the work is easy and tempting enough. It is too late to make any objection against Mr. Carlyle's subject or style. We might have preferred another hero, but in the absence of a better must be content and thankful with Frederick. And Mr. Carlyle's style is so thoroughly a part of himself, and accomplishes so well the end of all style—that of giving a vivid picture of the writer's thoughts—that we can scarcely even wish it changed. It may be usefully analysed for critical purposes, but it would be absurd to object to it at this time of day. Mr. Carlyle's manner of looking at the great problems of history and government is open to more serious objection, but we can only hint at the main points in which we disagree with him. One of the results of his intensely concrete and dramatic turn of mind is, that he tends to overrate immensely individual influence. He sees nothing in a crowd but darkness and confusion, even though the crowd may represent a nationality. "Chaos" is his comprehensive epithet for any large body of people, a tribe, a nation,—the inhabitants of an island, a kingdom, or an empire. And this chaos can only be reduced to order by men of genius. The only cosmic element in the universe, according to him, is a strong personality. The task of the great men who rule a people is to prevent them from sinking into the gulf of darkness and confusion towards which, by a law of nature, they perpetually gravitate. We have no sympathy whatever with this view. On the contrary, we believe that there is in the history of every nation a cosmic law unconsciously at work, which the direct efforts of individual genius more frequently arrest than develop. Then, too, in his love of absolute power, Mr. Carlyle naturally despises constitutional government, and regards almost any kind of tyranny or despotism as preferable to a limited monarchy and a representative system. Here again we cannot agree with him; nor have we any sympathy with the way he refers to the permanent products of intellect in science, philosophy, and art. We do not regard all poetry as mere "fiddling," all oratory as simply "musical wind," or all literature as "apples from the Dead Sea." But these, after all, are but mannerisms of a great and original thinker, the first prose poet of the age. For power of individual portraiture, and profound insight into character, Mr. Carlyle is unrivalled amongst living writers, and these volumes contain some of the best illustrations both of his insight and his art. They show Mr. Carlyle, moreover, in a new light, as we hinted at the outset. He is seen handling profound and complex political problems, with the perfect ease and profound knowledge of a master. The bright light incidentally thrown on the great political questions of the last century is, indeed, not the least amongst the varied merits of these solid volumes, which we again thankfully welcome as an invaluable addition to our standard historical literature.

Le Roi Voltaire. By Arsène Houssaye. (Michel Lévy Frères: Paris, 1858.)

If we were to account for the great and increasing popularity of this volume among French readers, and the unexampled rapidity

with which it has blossomed into the honours of a second edition (apart from its merits as a work, in many respects so striking and remarkable), we should be inclined to seek our causes for effects less in the sympathy with the so-called Voltairian spirit, with which a great majority of the French are supposed to be still profoundly imbued, and their approbation of what has been called (and we consider most erroneously so) the apotheosis of this spirit, than in the gratification of the national pride and vanity in the glorification of the man, who attained so pre-eminent a position in the universal history of literature, and displayed a genius so all comprising and so widely extending in its results. To see their great writer placed upon the throne of intellect as the *Roi de la pensée*, would be precisely what would most flatter one of the great characteristics of the French—their national vanity—their conviction in their universal supremacy in the realm of intellect. We will not deny, however, altogether, that some of the leaven of the denying spirit may not have aided in the fermentation of popularity to which this work has given rise. But, in this respect even, we must distinguish between the Parisians and the French nation at large.

That the denying spirit, hostile to all revealed religion, and to the constraints of any religious feeling whatever, as imposed by a powerful priesthood, is used as a political engine by a revolutionary republican minority, and endeavoured to be diffused, for its own purposes, throughout the country, there can be no doubt. But the idea prevalent in foreign countries, that the so-called Voltairian spirit exercises a powerful sway over the minds of the masses in France, is without dispute a fallacy. France is, and always has been, except during a few years of the great French Revolution, too much priest-ridden, or let us say rather (for we do not wish to speak irreverently in matters which regard the upholding of the Christian religion, apart from its different churches,) priest-directed, to admit of any general diffusion of the spirit of negation. With the Parisian it is otherwise. The Parisian, in that conceit fostered by centralisation, which makes him look upon himself as the extreme arbiter in matters of opinion, whether they regard religion, politics, or arts, over that *extra muros* barbarian the provincial, thinks that the indulgence of free-thinking fancies sits well upon him; and if the subject of his religious opinions were ever mooted, he would probably declare himself a Voltairian, without exactly knowing what was the real essence of the opinions of his master, but simply with the notion that it contained some sort of a denying spirit, which he might flaunt as a feather of independent opinion and strong reasoning powers in his own little cap of vanity. Still the chief characteristic of the Parisian in matters of religious feeling is apathy; and the evidences of his spirit of negation are generally only to be found in trifling and frequently ridiculous exhibitions. For instance, we have often made the remark that the different restaurants of the capital are never so crowded as upon Good Friday. The mothers of families will probably on no account omit the due observances of the religion which they themselves profess, and inculcate upon their children. But the husband and father declares that his independent conscience revolts at the idea of eating a fast dinner, ordained by the Church; and his supposed Voltairian principles then

arise at an opportune time, to tell him that he is performing a great act of philosophical courage in eating and drinking his fill on the day of a great Christian fast. But it is not in such puerile demonstrations as this that we can discover symptoms of any powerful festering disease of the genus called Voltairian in the body politic of Paris. We cannot, then, look to the universal sympathy with the Voltairian spirit of negation in religious matters as one of the main causes of the popularity of the work.

Besides, Monsieur Arsène Houssaye, so far from glorifying the King, whose reign he chronicles, for his religious opinions, constantly decries the denying spirit of his literary monarch in matters of revealed religion, and accepts it only when its influence is exercised upon the numerous evils which the searching eye of Voltaire discovered in the social and political status of his time. He writes no *apothéosis*. He erects no temple to a false divinity. He places the man upon a throne, that he would build higher than the pyramids. In the very opening of the preface to his first edition he says: "This book is no profession of faith. I bow to Voltaire as a master, but do not enter into his school. Voltaire is a tree, all the fruits of which are not good to eat. Never go to sit beneath its shadow." We have emphasised the word "revealed," because it is very clear that Voltaire never deserved the charge of atheism (properly so called), so frequently brought against him; and Monsieur Arsène Houssaye labours continually throughout his work to disprove the accusation. That Voltaire had faith in the great God-head, and adored in his heart the Almighty Creator of all things, is evident not only from many portions of his writings, but from many passages of his life. There are traits, certainly, of railery amounting to impiety throughout his works, that our author, without the flattery of a courtier, but with the loyal goodwill of a subject, endeavours to explain, to excuse even, but never to defend. Whenever he can wipe out from his fame, however, the title of atheist, he washes away the stain with zeal. He tells us (p. 400) that Voltaire was above all a poet, and in his poetry poured forth his intimate convictions. "In his poetry," he says, triumphantly, "how does he speak of God when upon the brink of the tomb?"

"O Dieu, qu'on méconnaît, ô Dieu que tout annonce,
Entends les dernier mots, que ma bouche prononce.
Si je me suis trompé, c'est en cherchant ta loi;
Mon cœur peut s'égarer, mais il est plein de toi."

And then (p. 402), in excuse of one of those traits of railery above alluded to, he adds, half in a tone of apology, half in a spirit of railery, seemingly imbibed unconsciously from the master, "Voltaire lavished his heart too much upon mankind to give its expansions time to seek the road to Heaven. He could not, like Mary, lay himself down at the feet of the Saviour. He wanted himself to be a human saviour upon earth, and like Martha was troubled about so many things that he put off the affairs of God until the morrow." "God and liberty," he tells us again, "were the words of Voltaire in giving his blessing to the grandchild of Franklin . . . and in the words 'God and liberty' is all Voltaire." Then he explains that this liberty was not the liberty of revolt against God—the liberty to say all and to deny all—but the liberty of doing all good, of even doing evil that good might come of it (p. 2)—the liberty of conscience—the liberty

of thinking, speaking, writing. And he adds (p. 392), "Voltaire, who made us free in the face of God, would have made us free in the face of the Pope, of the king, and of opinion,—would teach us that we have but one master, our conscience, that spark of God fallen into our hearts." "Disbelievers," he cries again with indignation (p. 395) "in reading Voltaire have lent him their own atheism, as in politics madmen of liberty have lent him their demagogical theories." In support of this defence of Voltaire against the charge of atheism, he cites the opinions of some leading literary men, such as M. de Barante and M. Edgar Quinet.

But, whatever the truth relative to the last moments of Voltaire, over which hangs a disputed veil of mystery that, in spite of all his researches, our author is unable to lift, it is equally clear that he was no Christian, that he combated the evidences of Christian revelation. The task, which he commenced by attacking the abuses of priestcraft, and the false prophets at the altar, he continued by labouring to overthrow the altar itself. But so far from endeavouring to proclaim the apotheosis of Voltaire in this respect (as he has been said to have done), M. Arsène Houssaye establishes his own opinions as directly opposed to those of the monarch he enthrones. He says (p. 406), "The day, when in the tribune one of the most valiant soldiers whom the gospel counts in its ranks, M. de Montalembert, exclaimed, 'We are the children of the crusaders, and we will not shrink before the children of Voltaire,' M. de Montalembert entered upon the true sense of the eternal question, and by this declaration of resistance as a disciple of the Saviour established the fatal tendency of those heresies, the most ardent and enduring of which still exists among us, and claims as its Pope the King Voltaire." His indignant spirit of revolt against the religious opinion of the master whom he otherwise elevates so high is strikingly exemplified again, p. 405. In citing a passage of Voltaire, where the great recreant thus thunders against the Church, "I had not smitten thy bosom with my fiery sword hadst thou remained the faithful spouse of Jesus Christ; but thou hast betrayed thy God, and in His name, and armed with His love, I chastise the adulterous woman who leaves the beggar at her gate, whilst she revels within upon the goods of the poor," he remarks (a strange anomaly) that one of the great forces of Voltaire consisted in his always speaking in the name of Christian virtues, that his great force against the Church was derived from taking up its own arms to combat it. To this, however, he adds immediately, "But in the blindness of his love for God—his own God—he laid his sacrilegious hand upon the God of all the world—upon the Son of God." Spite of his declarations in favour of the faith and love of Voltaire in the Divine Being, the author still admits also (p. 408) that "the God of Voltaire is obscured by the mists of contradiction; for human light always flickers faintly in the hands of man."

Instances of this spirit of resistance on the part of the author to the religious belief or disbelief of his self-imposed sovereign, might be multiplied to a very great extent. It certainly is not, then, the glorification of the Voltairian spirit of negation in matters religious and moral (as it is generally understood and accepted), that forms any portion of this work. Far from it. The author

repudiates—condemns it. Those who expect to find it will be deservedly disappointed. It is before the enthroned incarnation of the human intellect in a man whose genius extended over so wide and varied a sphere of thought, that the author bows as a humble subject—not worships as a blind idolater. He salutes in this monarch of intellect the great social and political philosopher, the great historian, the great poet. To him, as to an applauding French nation, Voltaire is "Le roi de l'esprit"—but a king to be admired and perhaps revered in spite of his errors in judgment, his human passions, and his human weaknesses—a king *quoique*, not *parceque*.

Roi de l'esprit! What a title to captivate a French imagination! No wonder that Frenchmen should read with avidity the lengthy "Birthday Ode" which the monarch's poet laureat has composed in poetic prose! With us the title is untranslatable. We have enthroned King Shakespeare as our great Monarch of Mind; and we still bow down before his throne. But how much more and how much less may not be gathered from the word "*esprit*." How volatile the French essence of its meaning, yet how widely spreading in its varied perfume. How many eager subjects national vanity must necessarily find for M. Arsène Houssaye's "*Roi Voltaire*." The author, however, has not invented the title. Before him Frederick the Great had said at Potsdam, "*Le Roi, ce n'est pas moi, c'est Voltaire*." He has borrowed, adapted, expanded it. He has classified its bearings. He has divided his work into parts, exemplifying the different attributes of King Voltaire, the principal of which are entitled "His genealogy, his youth, his court, his ministers, his people, his conquests, and his dynasty." The exposition of his manner of working out the title we can best leave to the author himself, who at the commencement of the book explains his own sense of the title in a little *historiette*.

"Once upon a time, there was a king called Voltaire. His reign had no beginning and no end. He succeeded Louis XIV., and transmitted his sceptre to Napoleon. He was consecrated king of human intellect by his brother, Frederic II. He was crowned at the Tuileries in the Hall of the Throne of Tragedy. His ministers were all great men, *excepting the atheists* (!) They were named Diderot, D'Alembert, Buffon, Helvetius, Turgot, Condorcet. He had for allies the Empress of Russia, Pope Clement XIV., the King of Prussia, the King of Denmark, the King of Sweden—all crowned heads, without mentioning the Marquise de Pompadour, a queen *de la main gauche*. He had for enemies (without enumerating the infinitely small ones) Jean Jacques Rousseau and M. de Voltaire—that M. de Voltaire, who raised no cry of indignation at the dismemberment of Poland, who rhymed *La Pucelle*, and who was gentleman of the chamber of Louis XV., but never *gentilhomme du Christ*." (The latter expression, although bordering upon an irreverence, that little enters into a Frenchman's mind, characterises however the feeling of the author.) . . . "His court was composed of princes, men of science, poets, and comedians. He had a gallery of pictures, a library, a theatre. Louis XIV. danced ballets. Voltaire acted tragedy. His people were all nations. His family consisted of the niece of Corneille," (whom he adopted) "the son of Lally, the children of Calas," (whom he so nobly defended,) "and of Sirven, all the disinherited and the oppressed. Before his death he was carried in triumph by his good people of Paris. After his death they gave him a temple for a burial-place. It was a king—the King of Prussia—who preached his funeral sermon in his academy. King Voltaire reposes in the Pantheon,

by the side of his enemy, the republican, Jean Jacques Rousseau, both reconciled by the Revolution, since both king and republican had laboured in the cause of justice."

We think that in strictly working out the development of his title, M. Arsène Houssaye has unavoidably been compelled to sacrifice lucidity, and, in some instances, good sense, to the requirements of a mere *conetto*. That he has worked out this development with considerable tact, and an abundance of *esprit*, we are ready to admit. We will admit also that it forms, by its fancifulness, one of the attractions of his book. But we cannot help thinking that a *conetto* of this kind, seriously carried out through a volume of more than 400 pages, frequently hampers the free exercise of his powers, necessarily engenders constant repetitions, occasionally wearies by its monotony, and leads him into fanciful freaks of expression which sometimes almost degenerate into puerility. His style is terse, although highly poetical, and concise, although abounding in bold figure that approaches almost to wildness. But we wish he could sometimes have spared us what we have called his "freaks of expression," which occasionally remind us of passages in that strange prose poem by Mr. Warren, "The Lily and the Bee."

But the *conetto* of the title, at the same time, frequently leads the author to passages of a very truthful nature. In speaking of the appearance of Voltaire at the Court of Versailles, and his appointment as *gentilhomme de la chambre* (a portion of his history which the author stigmatises as wholly unworthy of his great career), he says, that, although Voltaire supped at Etioles with Madame de Pompadour, it was only on the days that the King did not sup there. "The King never chose to find himself in company with Voltaire, as though he feared that other royalty which made his own pale before it." This remark is very probably true of the little-minded Louis XV. His great-ancestor, Louis XIV., in the conviction of his greatness, would never have considered that his own sun could be dimmed by any stars of intellect in his courtly firmament. The author, however, establishes the royalty of Voltaire even in face of that great royal luminary in a passage where he quaintly contrasts the "*Roi Soleil*" with the "*Roi Lumière*." Not less truthfully is the breach of Voltaire with the King and the Court characterised in the working out of the prevailing *conetto*. Voltaire was desirous of printing his "Henriade," the publication of which was opposed by the influence of the Church, as a poem tainted with the errors of semi-Pelagianism. "In order to counteract these cabals, Voltaire dedicated his poem to the King; but the King refused the dedication. From that day war was declared. Voltaire exclaimed, '*Le roi, c'est moi!*' and" (like Louis XIV.) "made his entry all booted and spurred, with horsewhip in hand, into the Parliament of Public Opinion." But it was only at the Théâtre Français, says the author (p. 220), "at the first representation of *Mérope*, that Voltaire fully comprehended his royalty. There he was crowned by the acclamations of the public, and embraced, at the desire of the pit, by the Duchesse de Villars, in whose box he sat." "Repudiated, however, by all the journalists," he continues, (p. 221) "out of his element at Versailles, he went off, one day of bravado humour, to be consecrated *Roi de l'Esprit Français* by his brother, the King of Prussia." Consecrated

and recognised as king he was. We have cited the *mot* of Frederic the Great above. But the two Kings of Brentford could not sit upon one throne. Voltaire was obliged to fly his brother's Court, which he could no longer share. It is only at Fernay that the author represents his monarch as throning in absolute power, surrounded by his Court. The picture given by M. Arsène Houssaye of this Court of Fernay is one of the pleasantest and purest portions of his work. It is gay, bright, and full of interesting anecdote. Of course, at the same time, the *conetto* is carried out to its utmost limits.

"Yes, Voltaire," says the author, in speaking of his residence at Fernay (p. 245) "thou art indeed a king. Receive then the ambassadors of thy brother Frederic of Prussia, and of thy sister Catherine of Russia. Affix the seal to the titles of glory bestowed on all men of the sword, on all men of the pen, even thine own enemies. Lend thy money to all those *grands seigneurs* who are playing their last stakes at the game of nobility. Throne it among thy courtiers. Thou hast an army of labourers at thy beck, to say naught of thy army of Encyclopedians. Thou hast a theatre, on the boards of which Le Kain and Clairon come from far to act before thee tragedy, whilst thou art writing the comedy of the world. . . . There are *fête* days, when his Majesty Voltaire, surrounded by his Court, exhibits himself before his people. He is in court attire, almost as fine as his two Grand Chamberlains, the Prince de Ligne and the Duc de Richelieu—almost as grave as his two courtiers, the President de Montesquieu and the President de Brosses."

But, even while thus recording the glories of the Court of King Voltaire, the author hurls against the sovereign an anathema, as Pope of a new religion. "Yes, thou art King," he has said. But he adds, "But thou art not King by the Grace of God, for thou knowest not God truly, nor Him of thy church of Fernay, nor Him of thy church of the Encyclopaedia, which thou buildest with the same hand, aspiring at one and the same time to the cardinal's hat and the glory-crown of Antichrist."

It is thus that as *Roi de l'Esprit*, and *Roi de l'Esprit* alone, the author places him upon so lofty a throne—as the king of justice, to combat injustice—as the king of enlightenment, to fling the blazing torch of truth amidst the darkness of old prejudice. "If Voltaire," he says, (p. 288) "had merely been a poet and an author, he might have dazzled the world by the inexhaustible qualities of his nature: but he would never have reigned, as he has done, over all Europe. His peculiar mark, which isolates him 'in the starry heights,' even above all other great men, is to be found in the fact of his having personified the age in which he lived, of his having been the light of the dawning revolution. Voltaire himself did not believe in incarnations; and he was wrong. The state of society in 1789 was incarnated in the form of that ardent adversary of every abuse, of every violence, of every lie. The prisoners of the Bastille were his people; and the conquerors that took the Bastille were his people also. The protocols of the *tiers état* were drawn up by Voltaire, saving the style. Every reclamation from country or from town was signed by his hand. 'We, Voltaire, king of France by the grace of public reason, have read and approved.' He affixed his veto only to error or injustice. He numbered as many subjects as there were suf-

ferers: he numbered them in every class of society; for the *ancien régime* weigh heavily on every head. Voltaire poured floods of his *esprit* around him. He scattered flowers on all sides. But his literary labours had a far more serious mission. He walked on fire, amidst the ashes of a crumbling state of society. He was the king of Destruction, but of that enlightened destruction which throws down with one hand, to construct with the other."

Whether King Voltaire exercised his sway for good or for evil is not a subject within our attributes to discuss. We have endeavoured to prove only that it was the enthronement of Voltaire "man," not the apotheosis of Voltaire "spirit," which the author has proposed to himself in his remarkable work—that if its many readers in France, perhaps in our own country, expect to find the glorification of what is generally looked upon as the Voltairean principle, they will find themselves mistaken. In searching for the cause of the success of the work, however, we must not overlook its merits as a literary production. It is a striking specimen of that brilliant, skyrocketty, and somewhat paradox-loving style, which has latterly appeared (with some few exceptions) to be considered one of the great attainments of modern French authors. There are many expressions, boldly flung here and there upon its pages, which to stricter English eyes bear the stamp of irreverence, not to use a harsher expression. But the French mind is not wont to be affected in a manner so susceptible; and it would be but justice, perhaps, to judge such a work only from a French point of view. Its style then, so brilliant according to the newer fancies of French literature, its careful research, and entertaining illustrative allusions, are sufficient in themselves to account for its popularity.

The Backwoods Preacher: an Autobiography of Peter Cartwright. Edited by W. P. Strickland. (Alexander Heylin.)

We have rarely met with a more extraordinary book than this. To the enthusiasm and spiritual excitement proper to Methodism generally, it adds the breadth of American local colouring; the racy anecdote, the broad jest, the excitable temperament, the rough-and-ready mode of life, rugged manners, and startling familiarities of a society as yet under few of the ordinary laws of civilisation; together with the striking contrasts of a spiritual condition which from the very depths of its destitution was prepared for the wildest excesses of fanaticism. Add to these conditions the vigorous and daring character of the Preacher himself, and we have the elements of the same religious drama as has been so often enacted by the insane and the fanatic—the same psychological enigma as was once embodied in the *convulsionnaires* of Paris, and which found its latest exponent here in Edward Irving's gift of tongues.

Peter Cartwright was an itinerant Methodist preacher, with the backwoods of the far West for his district, and the Discipline of the Methodist Episcopal Church for his guide. He joined the church in the great revival of 1801, when a youth of only sixteen years of age, after a sudden conversion from what seems to have been an innocent life of boyish thoughtlessness and warm animal spirits. His conversion came "not by hearing of the Word," but by the direct

favour of Heaven. After a day spent in dancing at a wedding, where "he drank little or nothing," he returned home feeling guilty and condemned. Suddenly, the blood rushed to his head, his heart throbbed violently, and for the moment he became quite blind. Believing that he was going to die, while yet unprepared, he fell on his knees, praying for mercy. His mother sprang from her bed, and prayed with him. But the youth found no comfort, not even by fasting, nor yet by prayers, nor by diligent reading of the New Testament, until one day in the horse-lot he heard a voice from Heaven say, "Peter, look at me." This rather consoled him; still the impression that his sins were unforgiven remained. Once again, in a cave near the house, where he had retired to pray, he "seemed almost to lay hold of the Saviour," while crying aloud for his mercy: when "all of a sudden such a fear of the devil fell upon him that it really appeared to him that he was personally there, to seize and drag him down to hell, soul and body." Horror fell upon him; he rose to his feet, and ran to his mother "at" the house; she comforted and consoled him, telling him it was a device of Satan, to prevent his laying hold of the blessing. His peace came at last. At a large camp meeting, to which he "repaired, a guilty, wretched sinner," a voice said to him, while he bowed before the stand and earnestly prayed for mercy, "Thy sins are all forgiven thee." "Divine light flashed round him, unspeakable joy sprang up in his soul, he rose to his feet, opened his eyes, and thought he was in Heaven." His mother "raised the shout," and from that moment Peter Cartwright was converted, and his mission marked out.

When he joined the church there were but fifteen travelling preachers, and these not of the most learned or polished order. "Our pocket Bible, Hymn Book, and Discipline constituted our library," says Peter, by no means ashamed of its poverty, but contemptuously despising more as significant of the "velvet-mouthed downy doctors" whom his soul abhors:

"It is true we could not, many of us, conjugate a verb, or parse a sentence, and murdered the king's English almost every lick. But there was a divine unction attended the word preached, and thousands fell under the mighty power of God, and thus the Methodist Episcopal Church was planted firmly in this Western wilderness, and many glorious signs have followed, and will follow to the end of time."

The first two itinerant preachers appointed both failed in their mission, and seceded to O'Kelly's Republican Methodist Church, which drew away thousands. One veered at last into Presbyterianism, but Ogden, the other, did worse: "Ogden backslid, quit preaching, kept a groggery, and became wicked, and raised his family to hate the Methodists." However, in 1813, at a camp meeting held by Cartwright in the Wabash District, where there was "a glorious revival of religion, said Ogden got under strong conviction, and professed to be reclaimed;" and so joined the church again, and lived and died a good Methodist preacher. He was "saved by mercy," says Peter grimly, "as all seceders from the Methodist Episcopal Church will be, if saved at all;" for Peter has no tolerance for schismatics, and no respect for any but the Episcopalian Methodist. But specially hard is he on his great antagonists the Baptists, who, being his

closest neighbours and the most active proselytisers, come in for more than an ordinary share of hard words. The Calvinists and Universalists are also sharp thorns in his side; and the manner in which he opposes their doctrines with sarcasm and abuse is certainly more expressive of polemic zeal than of Christian love. Jubilees are held in hell over certain Baptist ministers, some of whom are "impudent as wolves," while their great light, Alexander Campbell, is but a "giant errorist;" Calvinism is a damnable and blasphemous doctrine; Universalists, who hold that "all mankind will finally be holy and happy in heaven," die writhing under their sense of unforgiven guilt, warning their family and friends "not to come to that place of torment to which they feel themselves eternally doomed;" Arianism is actual possession by the devil; and the preacher's method of dealing with its professors is to tell them that "the Lord has given marching orders to the legions of little Arian devils to the lake, as He had done to the swine of old, and when these are cast out, it is quite easy to come to their right minds." Indeed, every sectarian is an undeniable servant of the devil, whose work he does, and whose church he is helping to build up; and no one preaching or following a heresy (all is heresy but Episcopalian Methodism) dies with the calmness or the hope of a Christian, or can possibly attain to the Christian's eternal reward.

On the other hand, the Episcopal Methodists are saints to a man, no matter what their previous sins, or their natural imperfections. So soon as they have "fallen right and left, like men slain in mighty battle," "roared like bulls in a net," "wrestled on the seats of the mourners, and shouted aloud," they become "humble, happy, shouting Christians," and we hear no more of them; excepting, perhaps, as "fine old methodists of precious memory." A woman "from whom has been dislodged a lingering Arian devil," lives and dies "a shining, shouting Christian." Brother Lee "falls from the walls of Zion with the trump of God in his hand," and "goes to his reward in heaven." A Major L—, resenting a public reproof to his son, and quarrelling with Cartwright on the subject, is attacked by "a legion of very dirty little devils," who send him into such an agony that he "roars and prays so as to be heard all over the camp ground;" but on Cartwright's prayers the devils are cast out, and "he professes comfort in believing." A very interesting, fashionable, wealthy, family, "raised with all the diabolical hatred that a rigidly enforced predestinarian education could impart against the Methodists," divides against itself. The wife and two daughters go over to Peter Cartwright, the mourners' seats, the shouting chorus, while the husband remains firm in his blasphemy; that is, his Calvinism. The women become much attached to the Preacher, which "enraged the husband and father of these interesting females very much;" and not unnaturally. He swore he would whip or kill Peter; saying that he must be a bad man to make all the women in love with him, and that he took them into the church with bad intentions. A camp meeting was to be held, to which the eldest daughter, "a fine, beautiful, intelligent young lady," wanted to go in Cartwright's carriage. After a long altercation the father consented, on the condition that he went also, to watch his "very interesting females" with their Preacher; when, if he caught him

"at any of his devilment," he would expose him to the whole world, and put an effectual stop to his conversions. The rest must be told in his own words:

"His daughter thought it her duty to tell me of the designs of her father, and said she hoped I would be on my guard; for she verily thought that her father was so enraged, that if he could not get something to lay to my charge to ruin my character as a preacher, he would kill me from pure malice. I told her, of course, I was wide awake and duly sober, and I had not the least fear but what God would give me her father as a rescued captive from the devil before the camp-meeting closed. Said I, 'you must pray hard and the work will be done.' I said to her, 'It is not the old big devil that is in your father; it must be a little weakly, sickly, devil, that has taken possession of him, and I do not think that it will be a hard job to cast him out. Now,' said I, 'if God takes hold of your father, and shakes him over hell a little while, and he smells brimstone right strong, if there was a ship-load of these sickly little devils in him, they would be driven out, just as easy as a tornado would drive the regiments of musketeers from around and about those stagnant ponds in the country. Cheer up, sister; I believe that God will give me your father before we return.' Seeing me so bold and confident she wept, and raised the shout in anticipation of so desirable an event. When we got to the campground I had the company and their horses all taken care of, and then said to this man: 'We have a large preachers' tent, well provided with good beds; come, you must go with me, and lodge in the preachers' tent.' He seemed quite taken by surprise, and hesitated, but I took him right into the tent. 'Now, sir,' said I, 'make yourself at home; for I hope to see you soundly converted before this camp-meeting comes to a close.' I saw his countenance fall, and perhaps this was the starting-point of his deep and pungent convictions. The trumpet sounded for preaching. I mounted the stand and preached; this man came and heard me. I saw clearly from his looks that he was convicted, and had a hard struggle in his mind. He said to me after the meeting was over, that my taking him into the preachers' tent and treating him so kindly was the worst whipping he ever got. He could not sleep, he said. Sometimes he thought he was a poor mean devil to treat me as he had done; and surely I must be a Christian, or I never could treat him so kindly after he had said so many hard and bitter things about me. As the meeting progressed his convictions increased, till he could neither eat nor sleep. On Sunday night, when such a tremendous power fell on the congregation, and my gang of rowdies fell by dozens on the right and left, my special persecutor fell suddenly, as if a rifle-ball had been shot through his heart. He lay powerless, and seemed cramped all over, till next morning; and about sunrise he began to come to. With a smile on his countenance, he then sprang up, and bounded all over the campground with swelling shouts of glory and victory that almost seemed to shake the encampment. This was a glorious time for his daughter. She came leaping and skipping to me, and shouted out that those little mean and sickly devils were cast out of her father. He joined the church, went home, and for days the family did little else but sing, pray, and shout the high praises of God."

No one who meddled with Peter came to much good. Pugnacious, powerful, animalistic, fearless, he braved "whippers and whippings" with perfect indifference; not disdaining though, on more occasions than one, to owe his safety to a ruse, which a candid person, more truthful than polite, might perhaps call a lie. He was often threatened, but somehow the threat never consolidated itself into a deed. For instance there was the blustering father, of whose wrath and conversion we have just spoken; and there was a certain "ruffle-shirted

dandy" whom our Preacher had offended by turning out from the ladies' seats, and telling him, before the congregation, "that he doubted not that ruffled shirt was borrowed." The young man swore he would whip him before the meeting was out; but Peter, walking straight up to him, proposed an adjournment to the wood, where, making him believe that he had a dirk about him, and was going "to give him the benefit of all the dirks he had," Master Ruffle-shirt beat a retreat; the brawny square-shouldered Methodist chasing him, "too diverted to run fast." But some "rowdies" caught the coward and ducked him to within an inch of his life. Peter says that had this fellow gone with him into the woods, he would "no doubt have proposed to him to have prayer first, and then followed the openings of Providence." About the richest specimen of unconscious religious illusion that we know of.

Another "rowdy," one William P., intended to have revenge on Peter for some personal affront. It was Sunday night, and the "altar was crowded with weeping penitents." While Cartwright was at the altar, "labouring with the mourners," he saw William come up and lean on the pale, outside the altar:

"I kept my eye on him; and suddenly, he leaped over into the altar, and fell at full length, and roared like a bull in a net, and cried aloud for mercy. While I was talking to and praying for him and others, I trod on something near where he had been standing, that felt soft. I stooped down and looked, and lo and behold what should it be but a string of frogs strung on a piece of hickory bark! I took them up and carried them into the tent, not knowing what it meant. Just about daybreak on Monday morning William P. raised the shout of victory, after struggling hard all night. Our meeting went on gloriously all that day, and for several days and nights, with very little preaching or intermission; and many were the happy subjects of converting grace. Some time on Monday my notorious William came to me, and told me that he gathered and strung that batch of frogs, and brought them to the altar, intending, while I was stooping and praying for the mourners, to slip them over my head and round my neck; and while he was seeking an opportunity to do this, the mighty power of God fell on him. He said he never wanted to be any nearer hell than he felt himself to be when the power of God arrested him. Many of the very worst rowdies that attended this meeting were struck down and converted to God; and thus ended the Frog Campaign."

Another time he is annoyed by two young men and a young lady in a waggon, calling after him, in ridicule "Glory to God! another sinner's down! Pray on, brother, pray on, the Lord will bless you!" Cartwright is sorely tempted to ride up—horse-whip them, partly in revenge for having been so far taken in by them, at the first, as to believe they had been to a camp-meeting, where they had "obtained religion, and were happy." But he forbears; and in a short time is avenged. The waggon strikes against a stump, is overturned, and the three young people are flung out into deep mud. The young lady, dressed in white, and sprawling on all-fours, sinks to her armpits, her mouth and the whole of her face are immersed, and she is almost suffocated. Then Peter rides up, and standing in his stirrups shouts at the top of his voice:

"Glory to God! Glory to God! Hallelujah! another sinner's down! Glory to God! Hallelujah! Glory! Hallelujah!"

"If ever mortals felt mean, these youngsters

did," says Peter, "and well they might." When he was tired of shouting over them, he said:

"Now, you poor, dirty, mean sinners, take this as a just judgment of God upon you for your meanness, and repent of your dreadful wickedness; and let this be the last time that you attempt to insult a preacher; for if you repeat your abominable sport and persecutions, the next time God will serve you worse, and the devil will get you."

The end of these young persons was, that they got religion and were happy. And so on throughout the book. Not an opponent in argument but is worsted, slinks right away out of camp, or, priest or votary as it may be of a hostile sect, is soundly converted to God, raises the shout, and is happy; or, if obstinate and unconvinced, comes to a bad end. In like manner not one of all who harbour evil designs of whipping or exposure against our broad-shouldered preacher, but is "powerfully converted," or, if an irreclaimable rowdy, is given over to perdition. As was that scuffer of the jerks, one of the Methodist extravagances, "a very large drinking man," who "took the jerks and started to run, but could not get away," and who, after cursing and swearing, and trying in vain to "drink the d—d jerks to death, fetched a very violent jerk, snapped his neck, fell, and soon expired, with his mouth full of cursing and bitterness." Another young man dashes himself against a tree, while riding hard, and never speaks again. He has been interrupting a camp-meeting, and could his end be otherwise?

But our preacher is specially remarkable for his dealings with refractory women. A certain preacher's wife, a high-tempered, overbearing, quarrelsome woman, "with a devil in her as large as an alligator," who "would not fix her husband's clothes to go out to preach," and would never let him ask a blessing on the family, or make a prayer in peace, is handed over to Cartwright to reform. After tea the battle begins. Prayer is proposed. The woman boils over, saying, "I will have none of your praying about me." Whereat Peter reasons mildly and expostulates. But she grows fiercer and more bitter, cursing him wrathfully. Then calls out Peter, "with a stern countenance," and at the top of his thundering voice, "Madam, if you were a wife of mine I would break you of your bad ways, or I would break your neck. We must and will have prayer." She declared they should not. Then said Peter, "Now, if you do not be still and behave yourself, I'll put you out of doors." At this "she clenched her fist, and swore she was one-half alligator, and the other snapping turtle, and that it would take a better man than he to put her out." So Peter took her by the arm, swung her round, thrust her forth, and bolted the door; then set to singing a spiritual song to drown her voice as she screamed, raging and foaming in the yard. The five or six little children crept under the beds, scared almost to death. The tumult continued. She, swearing, raging, roaring, outside; Cartwright thundering out his songs at the top of his voice within. At last the "half-alligator, half-snapping turtle," had the worst of it; she fairly succumbed, knocked at the door meekly, requested to be admitted, and came in "pale as death, and quiet as a lamb." In six months "after this frolic with the devil," this woman was soundly converted to God, and as bold in His cause as she had been in that of her former master.

There wanted mourners in the university, her a tumble, a large consideration, this was a scheme, conversed whole and the and m that b metho version the ce crown success to sm Cartw camp and taken and n shall mother when her ou cessfu mari Peter are th of the battle praye light She with her order "you becau and a no or The repr Peter H not "Oh and and old tran and from it. imit cien ansu sage mec wor spec upo Pet mar that the "st of I V stor tra nar wh int any

There was a mother who, very naturally, wanted to take her two daughters from the mourners' seat, where they were indulging in the usual painful "manifestations." Peter, resenting her interference as purely diabolical, "took hold of her foot, and gave her a strong push backward, and over she tumbled among the benches." And "being a large corpulent woman, she had some considerable tussle to right herself." So in this way, Peter says, "I defeated the devil's scheme once more." His rough mode of conversion had its customary results. The whole family were powerfully "converted," and the "sectarian devil in the old father and mother effectually disarmed." From that blessed night they became shouting methodists—the two principal signs of conversion were shouting and leaping about the camping ground—and received their crowns of life. Another time he was not so successful. A lady, near Springfield, wished to snatch her daughters from the power of Cartwright, and the doubtful fascinations of camp meetings. Cartwright blazes out, and refuses to allow the girls to be taken from the altar. "It is my altar and my camp," roars he, "and the girls shall not be taken out." He and the mother then have a scuffle and a struggle, when Peter prevails, of course, and turns her out of the meeting. But she was successful in the end, and the girls being rescued, married men of their own church, and as Peter says, were "lost for ever." Many are the refractory ladies whom he turns out of the preaching tent; and more than one battle diversified the proceedings of his prayer meetings and love feasts. A new-light lady he silences in this effective way. She would jump and shout, and beard him with an assertion that "he could not shut her out of Heaven." But he, "sternly ordered her to quit shouting," for, said he, "you are not happy at all, you only shout because you are mad and the devil is in you," and at last thrust her out. Peter would allow no one to jump and shout but the Methodists. The sign of grace in them it was the sign of reprobation and "possession" in others. Peter was no logician.

He has dealings, too, with the Mormons: not in the way of friendliness, very sure. "Clumsy Joe" and he have confabulations, and Clumsy Joe wishes to entice him to Utah and into the Mormon priesthood. And an old Mormon woman falling into a pretended trance, mutters some most horrible gibberish, and comes to him "to deliver the message from God," which she said was contained in it. But Peter was wrath. Unconsciously imitating one whom he could never sufficiently condemn, namely, Thomas Paine, he answered, "I will have none of your message. If God can speak through no better medium than an old, hypocritical, lying woman, I will hear nothing of it." This speech brought the old woman's husband upon him, when a strife began, in which Peter taxed them with being thieves, and marked with the cow-hide—a random shot that chanced to hit true, and so gave to him the appearance of inspiration—and then "started them from the camp, under threat of Lynch's law."

We have not exhausted one-third of the stock of characteristic anecdotes in this extraordinary book. Every page teems with narration, phrase, sentiment, or action, which carry us into a state of society and into a phase of religious life utterly unlike anything we know here. The dark un-

fathomable woods, with one rude plot of clearing where the faithful worship; the vast multitude assembled for one object, casting form and rule, and ordinary restraints behind; the preacher's passionate words; the young tumultuous life stemmed back in the monotony of the backwoods, under the name of religion, exercising unlicensed freedom, and flinging its sacred mysteries abroad without let or hindrance; the shrieking conscience and the throbbing blood; the quivering heart and the palpitating sense,—all make up conditions and circumstances which we of this older and colder European civilisation can hardly realise. Nor must we judge it from our point of view only. Assuredly Peter Cartwright and his brethren, the early pioneers of Christianity and civilisation in that rugged Far West, are not to be measured and estimated by standards that are accepted here. Faithful and zealous, if rude and domineering, they fought the good fight to which they devoted themselves, manfully and in earnest. They had no sickly casuists among them to split hairs, and lose the substance while fretting for the shadow; no imposing Professors with an expensive worship, making Christianity a costly luxury, which only the rich and fashionable could attain; no "downy Doctors" with honeyed words preaching a salvation that should walk in loving union with vice and worldliness. There was nothing in them of the trimming and halting, and serving two masters, that we occasionally find in richer communities. The Far West preachers were very different men. With flashing eyes, uplifted hands, and a voice that pealed to the farthest corner of his rude assemblies, Peter Cartwright, like the Hermit Peter of old, called on his hearers to forsake their sins while yet there was time, and before God had given them over to irredeemable perdition. Little of love, little of meekness—as we understand those virtues here—was there in that backwoods Boanerges; but much of faith, and truth, and courage; much of that spirit which made a Paul to lead the early Church, a Luther to form a new religion, and a Knox to hurl anathemas against the purple sins of crowned royalty. To preach the truth, as it seemed to him, was the mission of his life; and he shrunk from no condition which that duty imposed on him. And the early itinerant preachers had many perils and hardships to encounter. Poverty, privation, sickness, danger,—all fell plentifully to their lot; and as in Cartwright's case we can scarcely sufficiently admire the indomitable courage and extraordinary perseverance of the faithful men who thus carried the softening influences of Christianity into the wilderness, against all obstacles and all backslidings.

But none of these pioneers achieved more, or so much as Peter Cartwright. He travelled for fifty-three years, beginning his itinerary when only eighteen; and for recompense received less than eighty dollars a year, sometimes not more than forty or fifty. He admitted into the church, by letter and on probation, 10,000 souls, baptised 8000 children and 4000 adults, preached 14,600 sermons, and travelled eleven circuits and twelve districts. All the wild traditions circulated of the western preachers and the religious world of the backwoods, were fastened on him. In his preface he disclaims nearly the whole. Yet his career was strange enough, and his experience and doings sufficiently exceptional, to warrant

almost any exaggeration, for he stands unrivalled and unapproachable in the audacity and fervour, the earnestness and the daring of his ministerial career.

In person Cartwright is described as a large square-built man, with "a granite-like texture of flesh and knotted roughness of feature that stamp him as one who is hardy and enduring." His head is large, and "firmly supported between ample and compact shoulders," his forehead broad, and overhung with thick iron-grey hair; his eyes dark and fiery; his brows shaggy, and his skin deeply bronzed. His voice rich, powerful, and searching, "of organ-like tones," sometimes "roaring like a forest hurricane," as he pours out condemnations and warnings, or paints, in awfully vivid colours, the doom of the lost and wicked; sometimes melting to the tenderest pathos. He intersperses his sermons with backwoods anecdotes, which make his whole congregation laugh aloud, he himself remaining unmoved, and in the next moment he melts them to tears by his tenderness, or chills them with horror by his fury. For his favourite theme is the condition of lost souls in the torments of hell. He suffers no one to oppose him, and he believes in the demoniacal possession of all who differ from him. Indeed he cannot get on without that. For his great mode of converting souls is by casting out the devils that had possessed them, then delivering them up to God. His quarrel with the Universalists is because of the elimination from the creed of the latter of a place of eternal torment, and a personal spirit of evil, who takes possession of men; but he finds comfort in the thought that in another world they will discover the mistake they have made in this; and, when fairly in the claws of Satan, and seething in the brimstone lake, will then be forced to confess their intellectual errors, and so swell the triumph of orthodox Episcopalian Methodism at last.

Romantic Beasts and Trojan Humbugs. By Rattlebrain. (Tweedie.)

THIS is a book about the East. So much every reader will have guessed; though why the author has thought fit to tell all he knew about the East in one tedious strain of cumbersome fun, is more than will be quite so readily determined. "Rattlebrain" seems not to have quite made up his mind whether he is, intellectually speaking, a "Beauty" or a "Humbug." He prefers falling back upon "rattlebrainedness" pure, and quotes Emerson in the title-page to show that a man who keeps saying what comes uppermost for a sufficient length of time, must at last say something. It seems, indeed, to have occurred to him that two hundred small pages are rather a short allowance of ore for the production, at this rate, of any decent supply of metal. We find him, consequently, confessing in the preface, before the shrine of "Justice, our household god," that he would gladly have availed himself of the most humiliating diminutive, and called his book even less than a "booklein," if our national neglect of formations in this kind had not stood in the way.

The chapters, which are headed in the true "rattlebrain" style, with the usual priggery of "Which is hardly a chapter, 'Passion-flowers,' 'A Soliloquy,' 'More broodings,' 'Kiois and Korios,' 'More ink wasted,' &c., are connected together by a chain of narrative, so slender and so obscure,

that it is quite beside our purpose to pursue the links. It will better subserve the interests of the reader if we select a few specimens from the works of this eclectic philosopher, who has added to Keats's line—

"A thing of beauty is a joy for ever,"

the singular canon that "everything is either a thing of beauty or a thing of humbug." Assuming the present volume to be, what its parent fondly believes it to be, a *mélange* of beauty and humbug combined, it is interesting to reflect upon the pleasing confusion which must attend his forebodings of its future prospects. The "beauty" may remain, according to Keats's dictum; but what is to be the ultimate destiny of the "humbug"?

That the foregoing remarks apply more to the manner than the matter of the book, the following extracts will show. "Rattlebrain" has evidently seen a good deal, and would have described what he has seen infinitely better if he had not been so hard-riden with his dualistic hobby. Here is a parallel of Mahometan and Greek-Church practice:—

"The Mahomedans despise the Greek religion; not that they understand its falsities, but because it is so badly observed, and because the Greek religious observances always create such fairs and commotions. These tumults effectually operate as stumbling-blocks in the way of the Greeks ever obtaining proselytes. The Osmanlis are patterns of religious continence. During the Ramazan, and when all are expected to fast in the day-time, troops of them may be seen sitting around the fires, with their food beside them untouched, and with their pipes in hand unsmoked, and waiting for the boom of the fort cannon to proclaim the libertine sunset. Pictures like these redeem the character of these people, and envelop a myriad faults.

"The Mahomedan religion enjoins more fasts than feasts: the Greek faith appoints more feasts than fasts. Both feasts and fasts the Turk scrupulously observes. But with the Greeks there is remarkably little difference between the two; for if it is a fast, they dance throughout the day and feast during the night; and if the Calendar proclaims a feast, it is only a reversion of the above order, or eating and drinking all the day, and dancing all the night. The Greeks have forty-five holiday observances in the year, Sundays excluded, and only work two hundred and sixty days in the year generally. The Turks, who chiefly work during part of the Ramazan, have fifteen holidays annually; the Jews have thirty-five, sabbath-days excepted, and the Armenians thirty-seven, or ninety non-working days. And if these careful compilations of ours do not speak volumes for the state of Eastern native trade, what will?

"The principal Sabbath service of the Greek Church is held in the early morning. The remainder of the day they abandon to music, dancing, and all the other concomitants of careless hearts and lazy brains. This sacrilege is one result of keeping sacred so many saints' days, which are held by them as almost equal in sanctity to the Lord's-day. Another reason is the dissolute example set by some of the priests. These Papas will officiate at the services of the morning, and be found the same night presiding at the bacchanalias of their congregations in the cafés, assisting them to play cards, or smoking narghills with them, and drinking alternately coffee or rum at the company's option. Yet these priests would almost die of horror if any of their flocks were to adopt the T-shaped or X-shaped theories of the cross in preference to the common orthodox or + shaped hypothesis. O ye Greek priests! make your phylacteries very much broader, and embroider upon them this very apposite text, which we have selected for you:—

"We, ladies and gentlemen, are the true wise men of the East, who widest strain at gnats and most easily swallow camels."

The following passage, descriptive of one of the dance-meetings so common in the Troad on the high-days of the Greek Church, gives proof of the graphic power which "Rattlebrain" might develop, if he could only rid his notions of the deadweight caused by the superincumbent "humbug":—

"But the footing is about to begin. For the programme, look in every eye round about you. It is to be the Veves, or Certo, the national dance of these districts, with an origin as far back perhaps as the genesis of the first grey hair in Old Jupiter's moustache. Some scholastic friends of ours suppose it to have been once a religious dance of the ancient migratory Greeks, not springing up in Greece itself, or it would have been sculptured somewhere, and if beheld at all by Cimon or Pericles of old, beheld only as a supernatural rarity, a specimen of their Trans-ægean brethren's taste. We partly lean to this hypothesis. Not a doubt of its somehow Greek extraction. Who does not trace in its spiral-like movements and helix-like lines, the architectural volutes of the Ionian capitals? Not a doubt of its religious origin. In the holy Erkos (Herkos?) alone could it have originated, and in some half-geometrical, half-religionist brain.

"None but the fairest girls presume to stand up and dance in it at first; just as of old, when none but the demure and vestal virgins moved in its adorative mazes. Anon the tinier girls, with the smallest at one extremity, take their places in the centre, where the ground which their little feet have to traverse is considerably less circuitous than that moved over by the elder girls outside the whorl.

"The dance now goes fast and faster on, as happily it might have done when the ancient vestals themselves forgot, and when, fortunately for them, no tell-tale Athlothete lurked in the echo-repeating groves, in order to report their levity. At the close of the first five minutes the step accelerates considerably, and the younger married women and young men join, as did not those of old in the same dance. Increasing in rapidity as the time progresses, the dance assumes a new step and character; the girls become excited, and the young men shout and snap their long pointed fingers, as if disdainful the use of Spanish castanets. The dance has become an animated spiral multipede. All eyes begin to sparkle, and some to look as starry-like as the two quadruply gilt bosses on their zanarr girdles. The braided locks of the pulchritudinous fair ones, with their infinity of triple plaits, are lent to the mercies of the wind. They begin, all of them, maids, spouses, and striplings, to resemble variegated essences only. The wondering Frank unconsciously rises from his four and a-half legged buffet stool, pinching out his cigarette between his fingers, and snubbing unwittingly the proffered wine jug. The pipe draws, the viol groans, the little ones mechanically foot it round; the warm limbs of the whole congregation seem to be moved by a fire within them, turning their blood to steam. Every foot is eloquent,—every form brilliant with that liberty of soul which enslaves the senses. Not so did the peplos-robed vestals foot it. No need, O Frank! to gaze now on any particular face in the crowd of dancers; action has rendered them all beautiful, just as labour renders all men worshipful. Every face looks tumultuous things from out the revolving ring, and the spectators look things quite as hurried in return; and all goes on merrier and merrier than ever, until bye-and-bye the piper slackens for very want of breath, and gradually follows a certain tune again. The flushed maidens, too, slowly reassume their ancient dignity; hands are busy in imprisoning lately liberated bosoms,—heads are tossed back to give revolutionary locks the correct fall over the whitest of shoulders. Everything is fast assuming its old stolid look; the whirlpool, the maelstrom, is calling in its eddies, and proposing a frost; and quietly, and far too quickly, the maidens have re-adopted their cold looks and trepidation. The ambassador has been recalled from their hearts, and ere long every one of the

lovely dancers has relapsed into an imperturbability which nothing but the application of legalised lips can re-awaken into poetry. The cisterns of boiling blood are all of them become cold, and, like their own variable climate, the ninety-eight degrees of the noontide, or of twenty minutes ago, descends to the thirty-nine or thirty-two of a coldish night. Palpitating to the tune of twenty or thirty horse-power, the Frank spectator sits down again upon his four and a-half legged buffet stool, and very soon after this the ring of Terpsichore has broken up, dismembering in itself like a burnt-out sheet of newspaper upon the hearth."

In the preceding extract we find the word "Erkos," which appears to have been unjustly deprived of an initial aspirate. A slip of this kind renders us apprehensive that the printer has not been altogether to blame in a subsequent allusion to a certain "*Mimnehana* (Minnehaha) of waters." Perhaps, however, omissions or inaccuracies of this sort were necessary to the perfect elaboration of the ideal "humbug." We will conclude this notice with "Rattlebrain's" forecastings of a future gigantic railway expansion:—

"Let the railways therefore begin; for in England we are tired of inanition at home, and many of our retiring shopkeepers are longing for a safe opportunity of visiting these lands. Brighton holds no longer a bright place in their imaginations. Weymouth has been weighed by them and found wanting. The beauty of Margate has been marred, and the monotony of Harrogate has become soul harrowing to them all. Scarborough, too, has become a scar in their mind's eye; and even Whitby lounges have become not a whit less uninteresting. Yes, the Western world calls aloud for these Eastern railways; and we hope calls not in vain; for certainly not even a milliner can have more reason to desire extravagant fashions, than we have for plenty of railways. London to Baghdad and back for thirty-nine pounds, with excursion tickets expiring in a month!—why not? The Dead Sea in twelve days for thirty pounds single ticket!—wherefore no? The Troad in seven days, first-class for eleven pounds!—what objections?"

Let us hope that when the time comes, and the East becomes thus familiarised, we may find in its future expositors something of the genius of "Eothen" and the traveller from "Cornhill to Cairo," or something of the learning, sound sense, and exquisite taste of the author of "Peloponnesus."

Mémoires de Jean Sire de Joinville; ou Histoire et Chronique du Très-Chrétien Roi Saint Louis. Publiés par M. Francisque Michel, Correspondant de l'Institut de France, &c.; précédés de Dissertations par M. Ambr. Firmin Didot, et d'une Notice sur les Manuscrits du Sire de Joinville par M. Paulin Paris, Membre de l'Institut. (Paris: Firmin Didot Frères, Fils et Cie. 1858.)

THE Sire de Joinville's History of the most Christian King Saint Louis has, after some mutations, taken its place in the estimation of literary Frenchmen as, alike in a historical and a purely literary point of view, the most precious memorial of its age. That it was not always so regarded is proved by the silence of La Harpe, who does not even mention the old chronicler in his voluminous "*Cours de Littérature*," and by the sneer of Voltaire. In this country, however, Gibbon's warm commendation of "the noble and gallant Joinville," and the translation of Colonel Johnes, feeble and affected as it is, show that his value was appreciated at a time when it was most neglected by his countrymen. Of late years it has wanted

neither readers nor admirers in either country.

The History is indeed a book to enjoy when once the obsolete idiom is got over. It is the narrative of a brave old knight, one of the best examples of the French chevalier when chivalry was at its best, who at the age of eighty recounts "the good deeds and pious sayings" of the king with whose friendship he had been honoured, and whom he has faithfully served, and who is now by the decision of holy church recognised as a saint. Written at the entreaty of the good king's daughter, Isabelle, Queen of Navarre, who died before its completion, it is now dedicated to her son Louis, King of Navarre, and a few years later King of France also, in the hope that he may be led by its perusal to imitate the worthy example of his grandfather. St. Louis was the type of a Christian king according to the conception of his times; "the noblest and holiest of monarchs," even in the deliberate opinion of an historian so well-read in general history, and so little fettered by mediæval notions as Dr. Arnold. Joinville writes of him much as Herodotus might have written had he been his companion, and received the training of a Navarrese of the thirteenth century instead of that of a Dorian of some seventeen centuries earlier. He tells whatever it seems fitting to him to tell with the most straightforward simplicity, and everything else he leaves untold. He gives not a formal carefully-digested biography, but in a very informal way what enables us to express the essence of a biography—the true character of the man, and the moving principles of his conduct.

The Sire de Joinville was the head of one of the noblest families of Navarre. When the King of France on recovering from a dangerous illness avowed his intention to lead a new Crusade, and called on his barons to accompany him, Joinville, who was at his court as seneschal, was one of the first to respond to the appeal; though when the king before embarking summoned his nobles to swear fealty to his children in case "of anything happening to him in his voyage" (as Joinville expresses it in his plain way, which so often has a sound very like our English vernacular), and desired Joinville to swear also, he refused, he says, for "I was not his man," being in fact a vassal of the king of Navarre. And this exactly illustrates the character of the knight. He is ready to devote his life to the service of the king, but he will not swerve a hair's breadth from what is right to please him. His book is written just in this spirit. Every line shows a devotion to the king verging on adoration, yet he relates without a comment how he frankly opposed him when he was wrong, and with equal directness he censures his errors: such a mixture of devotion and independence indeed seems difficult to conceive of in any other age and circumstances—unless it were in the heroic age and among the companions of a heroic king.

This perfect transparency of purpose it is which is the great charm of the book. You are transported by it with a strange reality into the midst of the people of whom it treats; and lay it down with a very different notion of the relation of monarchs and their vassals to that conveyed by the popular histories, and a clearer view of the motives of action of the men who took part in such events as the Crusades. Joinville writes of course like an old chevalier, and not like a literary man. He is prolix sometimes, gar-

ulous often, immethodical always. But then he is always animated, occasionally humorous, a keen observer, and a picturesque narrator. If he talks of famous men and great events in a familiar gossiping way, you feel that you get a more real conception of them than if he had written in a more reserved and philosophic manner. Like the Father of History he is credulous, but then like him he fairly puts you on your guard by telling you what he describes from his own knowledge, and what from hearsay; and, as he says, what he has himself seen you may firmly believe, but what he tells you by report you must treat according to your own judgment. Of his perfect trustworthiness the reader will indeed require no assurance. Before you have followed him through many pages you have come to rely upon his truthfulness with entire confidence; just as while you look with wonder at his childlike credulity in all religious matters, you can never for a moment doubt the reality and the depth of his piety. His religious credulity is, indeed, unbounded. No new "miracle," however palpable it may seem to our sceptical age, raises a question in his mind; while in the most ordinary event he sees a judgment, or a proof of the direct intercession of some saint.

Joinville's is a history of the holy sayings as well as the good deeds of the king; and consequently, instead of commencing his memoir with the birth of his hero, he defers that event to the second part of his book; the first being devoted to a relation of how the king "governed himself all his days according to the law of God and the church, and to the profit of his kingdom." The first illustration which Joinville gives of the good king's love for his people, by the way, is rather a curious one. Being very sick at Fontainebleau, he said to his son, "Fair son, I pray you gain the love of your people; for truly I would sooner that a Scot should come out of Scotland and govern the people of this kingdom well and loyally than that you should govern them badly:" by which we may possibly gather, besides the information directly conveyed by the anecdote, that the Scots were as ready to go anywhere and be anything then as they are now. We are not of course going to follow the narrative of the holy sayings of the king. They show St. Louis in the character at once of a Chesterfield and a Johnson; now giving a lesson on manners or on dress, now inculcating morality or discussing theology. Not discussing it exactly, however, for St. Louis held that among Christians faith and not discussion was the duty of the laity; whilst with unbelievers the proper argument was the sword. Thus after relating with admiration the story of an old knight, who with his crutch felled to the ground a Jew whom a certain abbé was endeavouring to convert by argument, and then told the abbé that that was the only way to reason with Jews, the king said, "So I say to you that even a clerk unless he is very learned ought not to dispute with them; but a layman when he hears the Christian law gainsaid should not defend it except with the sword, which he should drive into the gainsayer's body as far as he can make it go." That St. Louis was, as Arnold calls him, "a noble and a holy monarch" Joinville's memoir sufficiently proves; but that the fierce bigotry into which his unreasoning zeal led him was a terrible evil to himself and his people it shows with equal clearness,—however little it was the intention of the author, who was just

as unreasoning in his piety as his master, though less subservient to the clerical body. And it proves also, that, however noble and holy a monarch Louis IX. may have been, he was far indeed from being a wise king, according to any other than the priestly standard of wisdom.

Joinville was 24 years of age when he put on the cross to accompany St. Louis to the Holy Land. His wife and two children, one just born, he left in his castle at Joinville. With him he took nine knights and some 700 followers, all raised by himself from his own tenantry. The second part of the book is mainly occupied with a narrative of the grand deeds of arms and chivalry in this famous crusade; the misfortunes of the king (whose captivity he shared) and of his knights; and the terrible sufferings of the ill-prepared and badly-commanded army. For this first crusade of St. Louis, this chronicle is in fact the chief authority. It is a singularly interesting narrative. We embark with the doomed army, share in its vague anticipations, struggle with it in the perils of the voyage, watch the first portents of evil, land with it in Egypt, are witnesses of its utter lack of discipline and its fearful debauchery, see the selfishness of many of its chieftains standing out in vivid contrast to the self-devotion of others, are soon made acquainted with the absence of military skill in the commanders, are carried into the midst of the battle and view the fighting hand-to-hand as in the old heroic times, the victory, though at a grievous cost, achieved by the indomitable courage of the Christian knights. Then we behold the sickness and misery arising from what we now call sanitary neglect; share the horrors of the retreat; are spectators (though Joinville was not) at the capture of the king, the capture or death of all his chivalry, and the utter destruction of the host who with so much bravery and with such glowing hopes embarked a few months before some fifty thousand strong. The negotiations, the convention, and the ransom are also minutely related, as are in like manner the long, useless, hopeless, four years' residence at Acre, and the voyage home. Of the fifteen years of peace which followed, and in which Louis governed like a good king, and did most to earn the title he has obtained, Joinville says little. He was away at his castle looking after the affairs of himself and his people. When the king took up the cross a second time he strongly urged Joinville again to accompany him. But the good knight refused. His people, he told the king, had suffered too grievously from the oppression of the king's officers, when he had left them before to go beyond the sea, for him to leave them again. And he quotes with approbation, how it was said, that they were guilty of mortal sin who advised the king to go; for whilst he staid at home with his people all went well, but when he was away everything went amiss.

Of this second expedition Joinville says nothing, for he "was not with it, thank God," and he will not put anything in his book that he does not know for certain. But of the king's last hours he repeats a few particulars which he heard from the son of the king and others who were present. When the Pope was moved to make an inquiry into the deeds of the king, with a view to his canonisation, Joinville was summoned to bear testimony to his mode of life, and for two days he attended the papal legate. On his canonisation Joinville established in his

chapel at Joinville an altar in honour of God and St. Louis, and he prays his lord the present king to let him have some relique of the true body of the sainted monarch to place in the chapel of St. Louis at Joinville, that whoever comes to his altar may be thereby moved to more fervent devotion. And so ends the history.

The present edition is the first in which Joinville has been placed before his countrymen in a form at once correct and accessible. In the first edition (1546) the editor avowedly altered and modernised the language. The edition of Ducange (1668) was the first in which Joinville found an editor competent to his task. But Ducange could unfortunately obtain no original manuscript, and his edition, very valuable for its notes and dissertations, was based on the former inaccurate text: it has long been confined to the larger libraries. The edition of Capperonnier (1761), known as the Louvre edition, being published by order of Louis XV., and the first in which an approximation was made to a correct text, is even less accessible than the edition of Ducange. The subsequent editions published in the "*Mémoires relatifs à l'Histoire de France*" and the "*Recueil des Historiens*," have been reprints of the text of Capperonnier, and, like it, from the form of publication, have necessarily been expensive works. M. Francisque Michel in his preface tells us that he has long cherished the desire to give to his countrymen an edition of the old historian in a portable form and at a price which should place it within the reach of every one. The first volume of such an edition was published as long ago as 1830, but the revolution of that year put a stop to the series of which it was to form a part. MM. Didot have now enabled him to bring it forth in a still more compact form, in a single volume, and at an extremely moderate price. The text of the edition before us is a

The text of the edition before us is that of a manuscript in the Bibliothèque Impériale, which, according to an inscription at the end, was finished in October, 1309. The learned editors of the "Recueil des Historiens de France," express very decidedly their belief that this is Joinville's original manuscript; but, if not so, it is undoubtedly of a date not much later. The more important various readings of another very valuable manuscript, known as the "Manuscrit de Lucques," are also given. The text therefore may be taken as trustworthy. But as the French of five or six centuries since is by no means easy reading to those who have not made it their study, M. Michel has endeavoured as far as possible to smooth the difficulties of the reader by giving modern synonyms and explanatory phrases at the foot of the page. Thus assisted, even the ordinary English reader will find comparatively little trouble in following the chronicler, whose freshness and *naïveté* will abundantly recompense the labour. Preceding the history are a life of Joinville, and eleven dissertations on the literary value of the work, the manuscripts and editions of it, and on various matters connected with the history of Joinville, of his family, of his chateau, &c. With the exception stated in the title, these are all by M. Firmin Didot, and do much credit to the diligence and learning of that distinguished typographer. The "History" occupies two hundred and fifty pages of the volume, and it is followed by five appendices in which, among other historical documents, are given another contemporary account of the first

crusade of St. Louis, written by Jean Pierre Sarassin, Chamberlain to the King, and addressed to Nicolas Arrode, Prévôt des Marchands de Paris; the poem of "Les Regrets de la Mort de St. Louis;" and the original and a translation of an Anglo-Norman poem on the Battle of Mansoura, first printed in the "Excerpta Historica," from a manuscript in the British Museum. The volume in short is a very complete, very well edited, and very convenient edition of an important work, published at a price which will ensure it a welcome from all historical students, and which ought to secure it a place in every library. The chief drawback—and it is a very serious one in such a work, though unhappily a very common one in French historical publications—is the absence of an index, or even a summary of the contents.

SHORT NOTICES.

SHORT NOTICES.
Memoir of Joseph Curtis, a Model Man. By C. M. Sedgwick. (New York : Harper Brothers. London : Sampson Low & Co.) These are the memoirs of a man who did much morally and spiritually for the poor, black and white, in the state of New York. They are written in a plain unvarnished style, and from their very simplicity engage our interest from beginning to end.
The Useful Teacher.—

The Useful Teacher: English Grammar, English History and Geography. By the Author of "The Reason Why." (Houlston & Wright.) The simplicity of arrangement which characterises this little work, is its main feature and its greatest recommendation. No more need be said on its behalf.

Recollections of Mrs. Hester Taffetas. Edited by her Granddaughter. (Knight & Son.) These "Recollections" are given in a series of tales which profess to be founded on facts, or rather on the gossip heard by Mrs. Taffetas in her capacity of Court milliner in the earlier part of the reign of George III. Whether that be their real origin is a question into which we do not propose to enter. We would merely observe that one or two appear to bear internal evidence of a much more recent parentage. We care not, however, whether these tales be founded on recollections, or are the creations of a fertile imagination, inasmuch as the result is an interesting book, inasmuch as the book is a good insight into the manners, feelings, and sentiments of a bygone age, when our great-grandfathers and great-grandmothers were flourishing. The book is, moreover, crowded with incidents, and is well told. The book is peculiarly adapted for a rainy day reading.

peculiarly adapted for
Biography of Captain D. L. Richardson, in the Vernacular Tongue. (Calcutta.) Captain Richardson's services to English literature, and in promoting the education of the natives of India, are too generally recognised both here and in the great Asian peninsula, to need recapitulation. But it is pleasant to see that, even in the late season of storm and strife, a Hindu student sat down to transfer the record of Captain Richardson's life into the language understood by those for whom he has so nobly laboured. The little pamphlet before us, printed in those mysterious types which few English eyes can decipher, is chiefly translated from the sketches of Captain Richardson's life by Mr. J. Kaye, but contains original matter, and is dedicated to the secretary to the managing committee of the Hindu Metropolitan College. A competent authority assures us that the Bengali is very good, and the author thereof needed not have withheld his name. He has done a good deed in making our Indian fellow-subjects aware of the name and character of a gentleman who has served them so worthily.

The Master of Churchill Abbots and his Little Friends. A Tale. By Florence Wilford. (Joseph Masters.) A tale for the young, of considerable interest. Like most of Mr. Masters' publications, it belongs to a special class; and it possesses some literary merit.

A Manual of Elementary Chemistry, Theoretical and Practical. By Geo. Fownes, F.R.S. Seventh Edition. (John Churchill.) The fact of an elementary work on any branch of science having attained a seventh edition, must be accepted as a conclusive proof of its value. The history of this manual is soon told. Indeed if we were writing for the schools and laboratories there would be no need to describe its progress, for it is known and appreciated in all; but we address a larger audience, most of whom, we may assume, have some taste for chemical science, while all are interested in its practical results. To that large audience we ornaments of University College, in the first instance prepared this Manual as a convenient class-book for the pupils attending his own lectures, with the meritorious design of offering them, in a compact and inexpensive form, an outline of the general principles of chemical science. Although the work in its earlier forms had no pretensions to be considered a complete treatise, it was certainly very full and copious; for it detailed numerous working processes in the laboratory, and upon the subject of organic chemistry. It passed through two editions rapidly, and the professor his labours were arrested by the hand of death. There is something affecting in Dr. Benze Jones's eulogistic notice of the final close of the lamented author's career in connection with this volume :

When he had finished the most important part of the organic chemistry, where the most additions were required, he told me he should "do no more"—he had finished his work."

Biography supplies us with numerous instances of authors having ceased from their labours immediately upon or before the completion of the work upon which their character and fame were to rest. Scientific literature affords many such. Here, for example, is Professor Fownes; and it was only in June last that Dr. Snow, whose well-earned eminence is cordially recognised by the whole medical profession, died after just completing his volume on "Chloroform and other Anæsthetics," which will be a standard authority on the action and administration of agents for the relief and prevention of pain. Dr. Snow, we may add, was fortunate in having his work published under the able editorship of Dr. Richardson. So was Professor Fownes, first in the friendly revision and corrections of Dr. Bence Jones and Dr. Robert Murray in the third and succeeding editions, and next in the present editorship of Dr. Jones in conjunction with Professor Hofmann. Nor have the labours of these accomplished men been merely formal. Organic chemistry has made large advances during the past two or three years. The theory of the Polyacid alcohols is an example. These advances have all been judiciously incorporated into the original text and so many changes necessarily made in consequence that in some parts the book has been wholly reconstructed. This has been no light task; but by such industry and research the work, as far as a manual can, is now made to perfectly reflect the present state of chemical knowledge. Yet the original plan of the author—that plan which has rendered the work so useful to students and so easy of reference by the non-scientific reader—has been carefully retained.

Hollingsworth and Modern Poetry. A Critical and Explanatory Essay. By G. Sexton, M.A. (W. Freeman.) The author of this Essay has devoted much energy to establishing the fame of a poet who undoubtedly possessed genius, but whose merits have not hitherto been commonly recognised. With great acquirements and many excellencies, Hollingsworth's peculiarities are too peculiar, if we may so speak, to secure that prominent position in British Literature to which Mr. Sexton conceives he is entitled. With the exception of "Childe Erconwald," which is a poem of great power, his best works show that he was but a "philological poet." This Essay, however, is conceived upon the principle of unbounded admiration of all that he has written. Whether such an exaggerated

view or our own humbler estimate be the more correct, it was surely unnecessary in the essayist to indulge in depreciatory allusions and injurious comparisons.

Elementary Notes on the History of France. By Mrs. Edmonds. (Tallant & Allen.) These "Notes" are well designed; and the three hundred questions for exercise will prove a tolerably sharp cross-examination into the acquirements of the pupil reader. He will indeed be well grounded in a general knowledge of the history of France, if he be capable of answering them all.

Essay on Man's Ideas of Power. By John Faram. (London: Hamilton Adams & Co. Liverpool: Edward Howell.) We are told on the title page that this work is a "new exposition of the Principles of Philosophy proper on the basis of three ideas," and that it is "specially adapted for young men seeking mental improvement." The "three ideas" are Power, Space, and Time; and the writer contends that all knowledge and discourse are derived from them. To analyse these elements in regular form would at once lead us into subtle disquisitions, for which we should deserve no thanks from our readers; but we may say that, while differing upon many essential points from nearly all the established writers on mental philosophy, the author has logically established a system, the main purpose of which, as we understand it, is to extend and fortify the foundations of belief in the Supreme Being and in His attributes. We therefore approve the work for the sake of its object. On the same principle Mr. Faram's unquestionable industry may also be commended. But we doubt whether logical refinements and metaphysical subtleties, constitute in this practical and matter-of-fact generation, the best mode—except in rare instances—of really improving the minds of young men.

We have received the following:—"The Homestead," a strong anti-Catholic poem, written by "L." on his return to Ireland from Canada and the United States. It is published by Dixon Hardy & Sons of Dublin. Also, "Protection without Imprisonment for all Embarrassed Debtors." The writer, Mr. H. W. Weston, desires the abolition of the Insolvent Debtors' Court and the enlargement of the jurisdiction of the Court of Bankruptcy. The second edition of Mr. F. O. Ward's letter to Mr. Coningham, M.P., on the "Purification of the Thames," has also been received. Mr. Ward contends that the whole of the rainfall is due to the river, and the whole of the sewage to the soil, and that the adoption of this principle is as essential for the perfect purification of the Thames as it is for the economical utilisation of the sewage. Also, Mr. Richardson's "Exposition of the Society of Arts Examinations," published by Griffin & Co. under the auspices of the Directors of the Glasgow Athenæum. "A Catalogue of Books on Freemasonry and kindred Subjects," by W. Gowans, published at New York. This is a curious compilation; and we can readily believe the editor when he says that the difficulty of making such a catalogue is only known to those who have tried the experiment. We have also received "Three Lectures on Free Masonry, regarded as a Moral and Religious System," by Dr. Henry Hopkins, published by Spencer. "A Prussian" in a pamphlet of sixteen pages discusses the question, "Will there be a war between France and England?" and this question, for reasons which he gives, is answered in the affirmative.

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OUR STATE PAPER OFFICE.

THE Conspiracy of the Earl of Huntly, says Robertson, is one of the most intricate and mysterious passages in Scottish history. Later authors, not satisfied with the truth of this statement, have made fresh endeavours to unravel this web of difficulty, and have given to the world the result of their labours. They, together with a host of followers, have had advantages which earlier writers never had, or rather never took into consideration, even if they were aware of them. State papers, original documents, the correspondence of the actors themselves in those scenes of mystery, in those dark plots and evil doings, were rarely consulted; letters which reveal the hidden thoughts and lay open the secret views of the writers, from which alone the historian can gather true and authentic materials for his work, were seldom made use of, and more frequently passed over in silence. Those who have made use of these invaluable treasures, have, unfortunately, too often done so in an incomplete or unsatisfactory manner. They have only selected extracts which seemed important to them, because they illustrated or gave weight to their own prejudices or to the particular views they wished to promulgate. For these reasons, we submit that it is hardly fair to print an extract only when the whole letter is of the greatest importance, and has reference to the same subject. How naturally would any author, be he ever so honestly seeking or sincerely wishing to discover the truth, select those passages which accorded with his own pre-

conceived opinions! With these impressions we now lay before our readers two or three letters from Randolph to Sir William Cecil. They relate to the Earl of Huntly, and to the conspiracy in which he was implicated. Extracts from these letters have been printed, it is true, but they form so small a part of the letters themselves, as so very incorrect, and give so different a colouring to the whole affair, that we are tempted to print them entire, more particularly as they relate to a subject of such great historical importance.

Queen Mary had resolved to visit the northern parts of her dominions. She set out on her progress accompanied by most of her principal nobles and arrived at Aberdeen. The Earl of Huntly was sent for, but came not; "he remaneth the syke of a sore legg," and Randolph adds [1 August], "His son, of whom I wrote unto yo^r L. that hurte the L. Oglebye wth owt occasion or daynger of his persone or goodis, broke the prison and escaped the 28th of thys laste month." On the 31st August we read that "The Erie of Huntlye is here not well in his pryncesse favo^r, and howe well that man dothe deserve yo^r h. knowethe by hys uprigthe dealinge wth all men that he hath to doe. The Quene wyll not yet graunte that she wyll goe into hys howse, though yt be wth in 3 myles of her waye, and the fayereste in the countie. That purpose of hers I knowe wyll be broken, for so her counsell fyndethe yt expedient. Her G. yornaye is cumbersome, paynelow, and merueilous longe; the wether extreame fowle and colde; all victuals merueilous dere, and the corne that is, never lyke to come to rypenes."

Thomas Randolphe to Secretary Sir William Cecil.

18 September, 1562.

Since my beynge wth the Quenes G.^r [race] in her progesse in the North parte of Scotlande, ther hath lytle matter occurred of importance worthe the wrytinge, savinge wthin these viii or x dayes that the Quene arrivd at Envernes, w^{ch} was the farthest parte of her determined yornaye. Yo^r h. hath harde of some juste causes thys Quene hath had of myslykynge of the Erie of Huntlye and hys doynges of longe tyme in thys countie, whos extortions have byne so greate, and other manifeste tokens of dysobedience suche, that yt was no longer to be borne, w^{ch} nowe she intendinge by as good meanes as she could to reforme, hath founde bothe in hym and hys two eldeste sones, the L. of Gordon and L. of Finlithie, open and manifeste dysobedience; so farr that theie have bothe taken arms agaynste her, and have kepte howses agaynste her beinge commaunded to render them into her handes. The fyrsie occasion hereof was thys. The L. of Finlithie beinge commaunded to warde in Edenbourge, brooke prison, whose beinge after that tyme somoned to the Syse at Aberderye, dysobedied also a newe commaundment from the Quene to enter hym self prisoner into the Castle of Sterlinge. W^{ch} thynge, by-cawse the Quene thoughte to be done by thadvice of his father, she refused to come unto hys howse, beinge looked and provided for. Thys argued sufficiently her mynde towards hym; and he unadvisedly conceavinge the worste tooke the worste waye that could be for hymself, w^{ch} was to support and mayntayne his two sones to manifeste rebellion agaynste their Sovereigne. At the Quenes arrivall at Envernes, w^{ch} was the 9th of thys instant, she purposinge to have lodged in the Castle, w^{ch} perteyneth to her self, and the keepinge onely unto the Erie of Huntlye, beinge Sheriff by inheritance of the whole Shere, was refused ther to have entrie, and was forced to lodge in the towne. That nyght the Castle beinge somoned to be rendered unto the Quene, answer was geven by those that kepte yt in the L. Gordons behalf, that w^{ch} owte hys commaundment yt shoulde not be delivered. The nexte day the countie assemblethe to thassystance of the Quene. The Gordons also mayk their frendes. We like overie howe what shall become of the matter. We leave nothinge undone that was needfull. The Gordons fyndynge themselves not so well served by their frendes as they looked for, and not assuringe themselves verie well of those theie had, beinge in the whole number when theie were moste not above 500 men, sent wordes unto those that kepte the Castle to render yt, w^{ch} they dyd, not beinge above xii or xiii habill persones. The Capitayne was hanged and hys hedde sett up upon the Castle, some other condemned to perpetual prison, the rest resceaved mercie, and so cometh her G. by restie and quietnes bothe as longe after as she dyd tarrie ther, w^{ch} as in the whole not above fyve dayes, and is nowe in her yornaye home warde as farr as Spynaye, a howse of the Byshope of Murraye, well served of her nobles, well obbeid of her subjects, and convoid wth great numbers bothe of horse men and foote whersomever she cometh. Thys whole tyme the Erie of Huntlye kepeth hys howse, he excofethe his owne parte, and wold rather yt shoulde be thought that thys dysobedience came through the youthe and evle behaviour of his sones then that hys wyll, consent, or advice were therunto. What farther wyll yet issue I knowe not. The Quenes G. herself is hyghelye offended wth hym. I here of no noble man that ether taketh hys parte or lyketh hys doynges. The Duke lyeth styll, thother for the moste parte are present. Yf he intende anye thynge yt wilbe at her G. passinge of the River of Speye, w^{ch} she dothe upon Son-

days nexte, this beynge Frydaye. She wyllbe then of her owne assured 3000 fyndinge men. At Aberdine she wyll take aduicement what is farther to be done, and I thynke wyll do some what that maye be a terro' to other, and to teache them howe to welcome their Prince into their cuntrye in tyme to come.

In all these gabrillies I assure y^e h. I neuer sawe her merrier, neuer dysamayde, nor neuer thought that so muche to be in her that I fynde. She repented nothyng but when the Lordis and other at Envernes came in the morninge from the wache, that she was not a man to knowe what lyt yt was to lye all nyghte in the felldes or to walke upon the cawseye wth a jacke and knapsack, a Glasgowe buckler, and a broode sworde. Leste yo^r h. sholde speere what in this meane tyme I dyd, yt maye please you to knowe that in good saythe wher so mayne were occupied I was a shamed to syt styll, and dyd as the reste.

Yt maye now please yo^r h. tonderstonde I have receaved yo^r lres of the fyfte of September, w^{ch} came unto my handes the xxiij of the same, w^{ch} mayne lres unto the Quene as y^e h. sent them in a whole paquet together. This discourtesye I have founde at some of the Erie of Huntlye men that there tooke my man w^{ch} that packet and suche other lres as were wthowte that, as one from St Thomas Dacres and two other there opined and redde and gave them agayne, but not medled wth the paquet. Of this I complayned to the Quene, w^{ch} she reservethe in store wth the reste. I have also wrytten unto the Erie of Huntlye himself that I judged other wyse of his wysedome, then to gyve me that occasion to let my Sovereigne understande his evill meninge towards her Ma^{ty}, in misauising me, her myghes servant. I looke shortly for an answer hereof. At the Quene's comynge northwarde, passinge wth in 111 myles of his house, after that he coulde by no intreacie cause her G. to come unto his howse, he desyered her to gyve leave unto my L. of Argyle to bryng me thither, wher we were two nyghtes. His howse is fayer, beset furnished of anye howse that I have seen in this countre: is myghes great, his mynde thene suche as yt appered to us as ought to be in anye subjecte to his Sovereigne. I have receaved in the said packet two licences, suche as I was enter unto yo^r h. for. Thadvetysements owte of France are suche as all Godlye ought to take comforte of. Lorde prosper the reste to his glorie. The self-same mynde remayne in all the Godlie here as yt was wote to be. And therof I dowte no alteration. You are all wayes judged sore and extreme agaynst those that have the chiefeste doynges nowe amongst the Papystes in France, as yt appered by yo^r towlke wth the L. of Meldron at his beinge there, as also of late wth Rawlett, the Quene's Secretarie, as she herself at both times hath tolde me. She wysetheth that yt were in her power to bryng all matters to better quietnes. She feareth more my Mestres aide yt anye be sent over, then anie strengthe of thother partie that are agaynst her uncles. She beleveith (and howsomewer yt be intended I am well ioughte content therwth), that my Mestres wyll sende no supports excepte that the Kyng of Spayne do ayde thother partie, of whome the brute is here, that he hath of late loste a towne unto the Turke. Yt is also said that Mons^r Dandilot and his compaignie have taken the Duke of Guises mother, his wyf and eldeste sone; bycause I founde none of this in yo^r lres my beleve is the lesse. We remayne styll in good hope of the interview the nexte yere. The desyer therof dailye increaseth, we twilke of nothyng more, nor fynde anye thinge more agreeable to o^r wylls. Yt maye please yo^r h. to knowe that the Quene hath geven the Erlidome of Murraye (w^{ch} was Erie Thomas Randolphe) to the Erie of Marre. It is bothe more honorable and greater in profit than thother. He is nowe no more Marre but Murraye. Since the Erie Bothwell escape owte of prison we have nothyng of hym, but y^e he fortetheth a howse cawled the Ermitage in Lididall. What his farther determination is we knowe not. I can not but thynke that he wyll somewhat aide before this two noble men, thone in the north, thother in the south, be brought unto good order. As longe as the Duke yet be lye we dowte lytle, and so longe as his sone and Mr. Gawen ar prisoners yt is not to be feared that he wyll attempte myche. Thus moste humblye I do take my leave. At Spynayn in Murraye, the xviij of September, 1562.

The Quenes G. was determined this daye to have wrytten unto the Quenes Ma^{ty}, as also the L. of Ledington unto y^e h. some occasions cawseth them to differ yt untyll some other tyme.

Yo^r h. to comaunde,

THOS: RANDOLPHE.

To the right honorable

St William Cecil, Knight,

Principal Secretarie to the Quenes Ma^{ty}.

Randolph's remarks respecting the "two noble men" are very significant. He could scarcely have anticipated the sad fate which awaited the Earl of Huntly, and still less could he have foreseen the tragical scenes in which, five years later, the Earl of Bothwell was to take so conspicuous a part.

Thomas Randolphe to Secretary Sir William Cecil.

24th September, 1562.

I dyd wryte unto yo^r h. from Envernes the 18th of this instant what partie the Erie of Huntlye had made agaynst the Quene his Sovereigne. Thynkyng that by ether to fynde the meanes to have gotten her into his handes, or to leave to the Erie of Murraye and L. of Lidington, whos credit he thynke the so great wth her, that he coulde nothyng prevale in anye thyng that he intended or aspired unto as chiefly to have byn Erie of Murraye, or at the leaste to have had a pension of some Abbot that myghte fawle, to the intente that he myghte

be the better habite tendinge upon the Courte and beare fourth the chargis in her G. service. Fyndinge him self thus dysappointed and takinge in evile parte that his sone was conaundred agayne to prison, and that the Quene was determined to punyssh hym for his offence, he thoughte better to enterprise somewhat, then all together to gyve unto her wyll, and his own desyer nothyng satisfide. When he understode that the Quene had cawed the Cap^t of the Castle of Envernes to be hanged, and other comitted to prison at the Quenes wyll, he thought that ther was then no other waye wth him but ether execute his former determination, or to be isterlie undone hym self. For this cause he assembleth such sorte as he was habile to mayke and comyteth them unto the government of his sone John Gordon, purposinge to have mette the Quene at her retorne home warde at the water of Spaye, a place wher good advantage myght have byn had yt their power had not fayled them, or yt their enterpryse had byn executed as men in so desperate cases are wonte to do. The Quene beinge advertised of their purpose, and fyndinge in comiditie for her to remayne wher he was in Envernes, by thadvise of her subjectes as were in those parties y^e by the Sondaye morninge by that tyme that she was redde to departe, there were together of those theie cawle here Hylande men and other above 2000 and so contynualy increase as she roode, that at the passinge of the water we estemed the whole number aboute 3000 and oode. Contynualy as she roode divers reportes were broughte unto her. Some gyfte her to understonde that she sholde be assayed as she passed the river, other as she roode throwe a woode wth in a myle or two of the water. Some said that their number was great, other that ther was not a man to be seen, wth in dedde was nerreste unto the trothe, for wher the nyght before they were in that woode to the number of one thousande men of horse and foote, they were all departed and scaled the nyght before, and therof had her G. sure advertisement before she came unto the river of Spaye by two myles by suche as had byn sent fourth to discover the felldes and broughte wth them dyvers of those that had byn in Gordon's compaignie. So passed we on o^r yornaye wth some better assurance then before we dyd, and yet I assure yo^r h. at no tyme anye thyng discouraged, though we nether thought nor looked for other then that daye to have fought or never. What desperate blowes wolde that daye have byn geven, when everie man sholde have foughte in the syghte of so noble a Quene and so mayne fayer ladies o^r enemies to have taken from us, and we to save or honor not to be heret of them, yo^r hon^r cane easelye judge. That nyghte beinge Sondaye her G. came to a house of the Lorde of Baucke wher her G. was verie well lodged and in good assurance. She passed by the howse of Finlith wth John Gordon hath, in possession, a howse stondinge hardie upon the sea not easie to be taken wthowte the Cannon. She sendeth a trompeter to sorionde the same wth charge to deliver yt unto the Cap^t. of the Garde ther present, wth absolutlye theire that were wth in dyde deny, and in that mynde remayne. One other howse also ther is wth also in somford and keapte agaynst her. What her purpose is to do here in tyme will dysclose, and presentlye I thynke resolution not taken. Thus her G. beinge cleane owte of danger upon tuesdaye laste she arrived at olde Aberdine, preparinge her self agaynst her entrie the nexte daye into the newe towne, wher she was honorablye received and mayne greete tokens of her welcome and good mynde of her subjectes shewed, as well in spectacles, playes, enturbes and other as these could be advise. Thene presented her wth a cupple of silver dable gille well wroughte wth 599 crowns in yt, wyne coles, and waxe as myche as wyll serve her for her beinge here. This whole Thursdaye she reposeth her self. Her determination is to remayne here 40 days at the least, wth in what tyme she trusteth to put this Cuntrye in good quietnes. Her noble men remayne wth her, and more daylie come.

Of the Duke I here nothyng but y^e he is quiet. The byshoppe of St. Andrews and Bishope of Rosse are syke, mayne truste that they wyll not scape this wynter. Mr. William Crampton that passed lathie by yow, a great favorer of papystes, is happled ded, in this myschevous worlde. The Abbotte of Corsragell and Mr. Knox dyspute this daye, but I knowe not what are their questions. I sende yo^r h. herewth the laste lre that I receaved from Mr. Knox, above two Englishe men that I wrote unto yo^r h. that were wth the said Abbot. They arrived at the veste borders, as I am informed, from the M^r of Maxwell. Yf y^e h. thynke yt worthe that anye thyng shalbe done agaynst them, maye yt please you that I maye knowe yo^r h. advice. Divers other ther are here, as some for murder, some for thefte, that this cuntrye wolde be quyte of yf that they were pursude. I leave farther to trouble yo^r h. onlie to let you understande that I have receaved yo^r lre of the 8th of this instant, wth Pigilion's lres unto this Quene, of whome ther is here a brute that he was in daynger of robberye as he passed to Dover, but the greatest losse was of the Doctor's books, w^{ch} hath geven us better occasion to laughe then anye sorrowe wolde have byn taken for hym yt that he had broken his necke. Moste humblye I take my leave. Wrytten in haste the 24th of September, 1562.

Yo^r h. bounden at comaunde,

THO. RANDOLPHE.

The Erie of Bothwell hath wrytten unto the Quene, and dothe submytte him self. Anye thyng that he cane do or saye cane lytle prevale. Her purpose is at the leaste to put him owte of the cuntrye. He wrote also unto the Erie of Murraye and L. of Lidington. I dowte not but ther advices shalbe for the beste.

On the 30th September, Randolph writes that since the Queen's arrival at Aberdeen, there hath been divers consultations "howe to reforme this cuntrye and to mayke yt obedyent unto their

Sovereigne." It was thought best to begin at the head, to make an example to justice, that "the reste may be the easlyer reformed." It was therefore determined that the Earl of Huntly should either submit himself and deliver up his disobedient son, John Gordon, "(in whose name all these pagients have byn wrought) or utterly to use all force agaynst hym for the subverting of his howse for ever. For this purpose the Quene remayne in this towne a good space, beinge the moste convenient and assured place, comidious and verie pleasant to reste herself in. For this cause she hath levied six score harquebusiers to use as she fyndethe occasion, and hath also sent into Lodian and Fyffe for siche as she intendeth to imploye, as the M^r of Landesaye, Grayne, and Ormeston. Her purpose is to take the two howses that are holden agaynst her. For yt purpose she hath a canon with 16 miles all redde, and other pees ther are in this towne sufficient." Randolph then describes how "this canon came into these partes." The Queen, having gotten knowledge thereof, and knowing that it belonged unto herself, sendeth unto the Earl that he deliver and cause it to be carried four miles from his house at a place appointed, as he would avoid her farther displeasure. "Wth this message Capt^e Haye was sent upon Frydaye laste beinge the 25th of this instant, and returned the nexte daye wth this answer that not onlye that wth was her owne, but also his boddie and goodis was at her G. conaunde. He founde yt strayinge that he sholde be so hardlye dealte wth for his sonnes offences wher unto he was never privie, nor theie in his power to correcte." On the following day William Maitland informs Cecil that the Earl of Huntly himself will, as appeareth by his messages, plead not guilty, that he seemeth to charge the youth and folly of his children with whatsoever hath been amiss. He adds, "How it will fall out is uncertaine, and her Ma^{ty} doth not intend to burdenn any innocent. If any falt be his it may be thought to have proceeded frome to greate simplicity rather then any craft or malice, specially by so many as have had experience, how playnly, sincerely, and uprightly he has bene alwayes accustomed to deale." Maitland also adds that he would be glad to hear from Cecil what he has heard of these matters, and what is his opinion.

On the 12th October, Randolph says that as the Earl of Huntly is knowne to be the chief deviser, and practiser of the whole mischief, "ther was nothyng thoughte more expedient then to fynde the meanes to have hym apprehended." On the 23rd, "the Erie of Huntly, upon Saturdaye laste, was put unto the horne, w^{ch} is their maner to denounce men traitors and rebels to the Prince." Randolph also relates the particulars of an attack by Sir John Gordon on the captain and certain of the soldiers levied by the Queen, and continues "The Erie for his parte maketh the hym self as stronge as he cane in a howse that he hath in the hie landes, cawled Bagenanghe, whether yt is thoughte impossible to bryng ether men or artillerie in the wynter. He purposeth in this tyme to mayke the Quene verie of this cuntrye by reason of the wether and extreme dearthe of all thynges. Her resolution is ether never to departe owte of this cuntrye, or to leave yt in such quietnes, that she wilbe better knowne to their Sovereigne here after." It also appears by Randolph's letter that Thomas Kerr and his brother, who were both in custody, confessed as much as they knew of the Earl, their master's determination; which was, that at three several times he was to have slain the Earl of Murray and the L. of Ledington [Maitland]. Letters also were found about Thomas Kerr, which "importe no lesse, but what somer was done by John Gordon, that his father's advice and counsell was ther unto."

Thomas Randolphe to Secretary Cecil.

Aberdeen, 28 October, 1562.

Considering what good succes yt hath pleased God to sende the Quene here agaynst the Erie of Huntly, I thoughte good wth all diligence to advyse yo^r h. therof, declaringe onlye the facts as this daye yt chanced, and here after to wryte the circumstances as I cane gette tyme, and lerne the veritie. The Erie of Huntlye havinge assemblede to the number of 700 persons marcheinge

towards Aberdeen, with purpose thereto, have apprehended the Queen, and to have done with the rest of his wyl. The Queen having good intelligens of his doyngeis fyned the yt most for her advantage to sende fourthe a sufficient number agaynst hym before that he came unto the towne, so y^e this daye the 28th of this present the Erlis of Murraye, Athall, Morton, and as maynie other noble men and other as were in this towne to the number of 2000 or ther aboute marche towards the place wher he incamped hym self, 12 myles from this towne, and so environed hym that he coude no waye escape, and after some defence that was made by those that were aboute hym, he yielded hym self, as also John Gordon his sone, the Auto^r of all these troubles, and one other some named Adam Gordon, 17 yeres of age, w^{ch} two are both broughte unto this towne alyve, but the Erlis hym self after that he was taken, w^{ch}owis ether blowe or stroke, beinge sette upon horse backe before hym that was his taker, sodenly fawlethe from his horse starke dedde w^{ch} owis word that he ever spake after he was upon horse backe. He is nowthstandinge brought unto this towne, as also his other two sones of w^{ch} thone is thought shalbe justified to-morrow; whatsomever he shewed unto thother, by reason of his yerres. What hope somer he had of support, he had onely present w^{ch} hym his own frendes, tenants, and servantes, of whome dyvers in two nyghtes before stole secretlye from hym. Of those that remayned ther were alayne nere unto 120, of thother parte not one mane, but dyvers hurte and maynie horses slayne. These thynge yor h. maye assure yor self, though I was not ther myself beinge requered all this whole daye to attende upon the Quene her self; yet had I two servantes ther to see the maner, byades whose reporte I have seen the dedde corps of the Erlis, and saw thother's brought into the Towne.

Most humble I tayke my leave at Aberdine, the 28 of October, 1682.

Yor h. to commaunde,

THEO. RANDOLPHE.

Such was the fate of the Lord High Chancellor of Scotland. His two sons, with many others, were condemned. Sir John Gordon was executed; but his brother Adam was pardoned on account of his youth, and lived to be a successful commander on Queen Mary's side during the subsequent civil wars in Scotland.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Paris, 6th Oct.

A THING that it is by no means uninteresting to observe, is the sort of journalistic charlatanism that has its head-quarters at Baden-Baden; and that from the deep shades of Lichtenthal, and from the pine woods of Eberstein, sends forth as much "falsified" prose—if I may be allowed the term—as from the Boulevard de Gaud, or any other Parisian centre. The "undertakers" of everything, of no matter what, are so plentiful now in this country, that like the Swiss who used to furnish the fighting men of all other nations, they furnish the "undertakers" of every earthly thing that can be imagined in the lands that lie beyond their own. There are "entrepreneurs" of this, and "entrepreneurs" of that, all over France. That is becoming notorious now. Enthusiasm, joy, grief, loyalty, the public expression of no matter what public feeling, is now "undertaken" at so much the hour or the yard. The Emperor goes to Brittany, and the "entrepreneurs" undertake a triumph, and at a given rate furnish flags, triumphal arches, crowns, coloured lamps, inscriptions, and performers, who applaud, cry out, and put popularity and loyalty in action. To give you a notion to what a degree all this is carried, I will parenthetically relate to you the following anecdote, which was told to a friend of mine at the time by a very high functionary of the Police. When the Prince Imperial was somewhere about one year old, some small review took place upon, I really forget what occasion, in the Place du Carrousel. The usual amount of enthusiasm was secured, and the whole passed over extremely well. At the end, however, a man in a blouse—a workman, we will suppose—called out for the Imperial Prince. The ground-floor windows of the Tuileries opening immediately upon the Place du Carrousel, and the august baby happening (?) to be close by at the moment (let no one suppose his nurse was waiting with him in her arms for the express purpose!), the touching desire of the honest operative was instantly granted; his little Highness appeared at the window, and held out his small paw to the *ouvrier*, who kissed it with respectful effusion, wherent the bystanders were much affected, and their acclamations rent the

air!! Fancy what a fine history appeared next morning in the *Constitutionnel*, and in all the official papers, and how the provincial Bonapartist press made the most of such a tale! But now comes the explanation; the apparent *ouvrier* was an *employé* of the police, whose occupation it is to "do anecdotes," who is engaged *pour faire l'anecdote*, and who, when he performs cleverly, receives the high wages of three francs ten sous a day.

This, if you needed any proof, would sufficiently prove to you what is the degree of perfection attained to by the learned body of "Undertakers General" in France. They have an unquestionable talent for the thing, and will "undertake" anything that is proposed to them. Now the "Undertakers" of public amusements in the press, the men whose business it is to tell the pleasure-hunters how and where to enjoy themselves, have comparatively little to do in this present dead season of the year. People who have country-houses, and who inhabit them, do so privately (and, to say truth, it is about the only thing they do after this fashion); people who are addicted to going out shooting, do so in the company of their keeper, or at most invite a few friends to help them in the work of killing their half-dozen or dozen partridges or quails; but they can do all this without the aid of a journalist, and in these domestic gatherings and sports there is nothing for a "Chronicleur." These gentry were, therefore, in some danger of "going a begging" in the prose market during the summer and autumn months, when the salvation of the entire *undertaking* corps suddenly became visible, and embodied itself in the form of M. Benazet, the arch-undertaker of all—the Law whereof the Rhine is the Mississippi, the Barnum of the *Kur-Haus* of Baden, that vast receptacle for continental human nature in quest of pleasure during the months of July, August, and September.

M. Benazet "undertakes" the amusements of the errant society of the Continent in very grand style. He pays high prices to musicians and singers, builds theatres, contracts with dramatists for new plays, and shows himself throughout a most "magnificent three-tailed bashaw," as far as money is concerned. But money is not everything in this case, nor is the mere fact of the amusement itself being in existence sufficient for the gain or the glory of M. Benazet,—he must have publicity. The largest possible number of trumpets must publish to the largest possible number of people what a home of the gods is Baden-Baden. French being the habitual tongue of those wealthy Scythians, whose roubles form a vast portion of M. Benazet's annual income, it is much to be desired that the principal French papers should be made from time to time to echo all the hymns of praise that the Sultan of the Mahomet's Paradise of Baden causes to be sung to him by his sub-undertakers.

M. Benazet's wants and the wants of the light squadrons of the Parisian press happen to coincide; so from July to October the "Undertakers" of public amusements in the lesser journals of this town fly across the Rhine, and "undertake" the glorification of Baden-Baden for the special profit of M. Benazet and their own.

The Molière of this Louis XIV. is M. Méry; and here you may for the hundredth time see the workings of that curious machine for reputation-making, denominated *La Camaraderie*. M. Méry is the boon companion of, more or less, every journalist in France, therefore he is of much value to M. Benazet; for when M. Méry has written and arranged a comedy or farce, or opera comique, or what-not, for the theatre of Baden-Baden, the brother "Undertakers" of this town, and of nearly every large city in France, cry out one after the other, "At Baden has just been played" (or *will* within a day or two be played) "a piece, whereof Méry is the author—a piece of Méry's!—do you feel the extent of the delight! *Comprenez vous cela? une pièce de Méry!* A comedy by our great Méry! Well, it is only at Baden that such things can be heard and seen, that such good luck can be enjoyed," &c., and so on, and in such-like prose (for they vary their formula but slightly) do the comrades of the

"great" author, who is to be cried up, set to work to laugh at their readers and at themselves. But when he reads all this trash in a paper like the *Constitutionnel* or the *Presse*, or no matter which, what is to think either an ignorant brandy merchant of the town of Cognac, or a hyper-civilised barbarian from the banks of the Niemen! They take it all for granted; and in a few years such a miserable rhymester even as this man Méry, becomes "*il grand Méry*," and the foreigners who have been gulled, fall to admiring him with perfect good faith, and only here and there one out of a hundred, who may have rather more instruction than his fellows, wonders, *in petto*, if this be really the literature of France, what has become of the fine taste that made French lessons rise so high under Louis XIV. and Louis XVIII. Then, when the aforesaid foreigners come to Paris, they find themselves all at sea, to use a trivial phrase. They ask for the "great Méry," and get either stared at or laughed at. No one knows what they mean, because, in what remains of polite society here, such stars as these do not shine, but only shed their light over the infinitely inferior world of *La Bohème*. Be that as it may, the "Undertakers" of the public, and he who "undertakes" them, make a good thing of it in Baden, and the whole process is vastly entertaining to watch. One thing is satisfactory, it strikes me, for the self-love of other countries; and that is, that whenever these sort of "undertakings" of the public are set on foot,—whenever the *Dulcamara* system is applied upon a grand scale, the *Dulcamaras* selected are always, and without any exception, Frenchmen. The character of other nations seems to refuse the work required at the hands of the sons of Gaul, and by them so readily done. Barnum, who appeared to the world at large as a species of phenomenon, and at whose monster puffings the Anglo-Saxon tribes of both hemispheres opened their eyes and lifted up their hands; Barnum is outdone every day by the obscure puffers of no-matter what newspaper in France, and nobody thinks it odd, or troubles himself about it. It is a matter of course, and this is another of the modes whereby all genuine art is ruined in France.

Last night I went to see the piece which is making such a noise just now—the *Faust* of the *Porte St. Martin*. Perhaps I was ill-disposed, or brought to expect too much by all that had been said beforehand; but I really am disappointed as to the splendour of the "get up." The *Herculeum* scene appears to me to be inferior to the decorations of the third act, which passes in India, and the great Indian scene, although certainly very fine, does not come up to what might, I should think, be achieved. But then, it is true we English are so familiar with Indian nature, from the constant descriptions we hear of it during every period of our lives, that we are less easy to satisfy than our neighbours on this head. Generally here, the Indian act is thought magnificent. You will, perhaps, ask what *Faust* has to do in India? This is the affair of M. Dennery. He carries off his hero to India, because the latter has a sudden fancy to become a maharajah, and see how he can govern his fellow-creatures.

It is quite true that the *Faust*, as it is performed here at present, has but little beyond the names of its personages, in common with the *Faust* of Goethe, as we know it, and receive it traditionally; but it has one merit, in spite of the essentially illiterate way in which it is written and conceived. It takes into account the "Second *Faust*" of the great German. It is even more founded on the second than on the "First *Faust*." The heroine of the piece is a creature named *Sulphurine*, the creation of Wagner, who in the original produces *Homunculus* by his chemical combinations. M. Dennery changes the sex of the demon thus called into life, and makes *Homunculus*, a female sprite. This *Sulphurine*, under the name of *Olympie*, performs what, in the real "Second *Faust*" of Goethe, is the part of *Helen*, and tempts her bewitched lover to the commission of every sin. At the end we have Goethe's conclusion, with this

change,—that while *Margaret* is forgiven, *Faust* is condemned; her soul is wafted up to heaven, but *Faust* is carried down below by *Mephistopheles*.

To the admirers of Goethe the piece is a ridiculous profanation; but I repeat, it is a curious thing to see a French arranger of dramatic scenes for minor theatres, a man without a literary notion in his head, seek out his materials in a work so literary, that in Germany, even, it is barely understood by the professed *Goethe students*. The fact of this new piece being chiefly taken from the *second* rather than from the *first Faust*, is what has led to the report of its having "nothing" in common with Goethe's master-work.

Paris, Wednesday.

The Marquis of Normanby has at last had a translation of his much talked of "Year of Revolution" published in this city. I say, "at last," because I happen to know that very many months ago,—shortly before, in fact, the work was brought out in England,—the Marquis was in correspondence with more than one Parisian publisher, and more than one professional translator about it; but he could not come to terms with any one of them, because he thought that his book was of far more literary and political importance, and consequently of far greater pecuniary value, than they did. Now that the translation has appeared, it will not, from all I have said, produce any more effect on the Parisians than the original did on the English. In the first place, the translation is disgracefully ill-done. Frenchmen say that Lord Normanby must have done it himself, so greatly does it resemble the execrable French of the English Foreign Office, and English diplomats. In the next place the subject-matter of the book is, in French eyes, singularly weak, and unjust—so much so that it is scarcely conceivable, say the French, that it can be the production of a man who occupied the exalted post of English Ambassador at Paris in the "Year of Revolution," and who, consequently had opportunities of seeing and learning more of the events that occurred, and of the men who took part in them, than any other gentleman, French or foreign. So little, say the French, did his lordship profit by the opportunities he possessed, that he actually saw and learned less of what was taking place out of doors than the least active and worst informed journalist of those days; whilst his conferences with the leading men in the revolution, considering his position and theirs, and considering that the fate of nations was to a great extent in their hands, were painfully insipid and twaddling. Say the French too, his appreciations of the men with whom he came in contact were marked with the grossest partiality; and they declare that his views of events, past, present, and future, were totally devoid of that political sagacity which people think themselves entitled to find in an ambassador. To all these complaints they add that the book is, from beginning to end, as a literary performance, extremely ill executed.

It has lately been debated in literary and artistic circles whether it would not be well to discourage decidedly the practice of duelling, which has hitherto been too much in favour amongst men of the pen and the pencil, and the general opinion appears to be that it would. The fact is that duels, in which these people are concerned, are nine times out of ten caused by the most puerile motives—a joke ill taken, an expression ill-understood, a puncture in personal vanity, an airy nothing; and when they turn out, serious as in that of De Pène, they cause horror to the public, and bring obloquy not only on the parties concerned, but on the class to which they belong; when, as generally happens, they pass off harmlessly, and so occasion a reconciliation and a break-fast, they give rise to jibes and jeers not only on the combatants, but on all their fellows. But what is far more injurious to the literary and artistic fraternities, these duels, grave or pleasant, are projected duels which never come off at all. Of these the number is great, and almost every one of them is grotesque, either from the character

or position of the people concerned in it, or the cause from which it arises, or the reason for which it fails. Within the last few days, for example, the editors of two small satirical periodicals exchanged loud words about some trumpery personal matter—I believe an unpaid loan of money—and one sent the other a challenge. "I accept it!" cried the challenged, without a moment's hesitation, and each announced in his next number the murderous intentions with which he was animated. Seconds met to settle the preliminaries. "My man," cried one, "will fight with nothing at all but dragoon swords!"—"And my man," answered the other, "will fight with anything in the world except cavalry swords!" Each would be combatant was obstinate, and so the seconds, after vainly trying to "make things pleasant," gave up the matter in despair. Duel there was none—but, *en revanche*, the public had a hearty laugh at the rival editors. The affair reminds one of Alphonse Karr's pleasant story of two quarrelling legislators in King Louis Philippe's time. "Will you fight, sir?"—"Certainly, sir!" "With swords, sir?"—"Certainly, sir!" "At ten paces distance, sir?"—"Too near, sir—say twenty!"

Elephants, dogs, horses, asses, have figured on the stage often enough; and it is now said that in the course of next winter another species of quadruped is to be elevated to the dignity of public performers. In the play which Madame Sand is preparing, she proposes to introduce sheep, and not one, or two, or three, but an entire flock. A flock of sheep! The late Mr. Yates, of the Adelphi, would assuredly have clasped to his bosom the man who might have given him such a brilliant idea. Night after night he filled his house by exhibiting "real water;" but into what a phrensy of enthusiasm would "real sheep" have plunged the town!

In addition to the plays which in previous letters I have mentioned as in preparation for the approaching winter, is one by Ponsard, entitled, the *Demoiselle d'Honneur*; it is a five-act comedy, and is in verse. The said dramatist is also stated to be writing a five-act play on the well-worn subject of Anne d'Autriche. Heaven help the public, say I! For, to my taste, of all French dramatists the heaviest, dullest, most commonplace, rapid, and insipid is Monsieur Ponsard, Member of the Academy though he be. The very remembrance of his *Honneur et Argent* and his *Bourse*, for example, makes me shudder.

When the present Emperor decreed his rigorous regulations respecting the political press, he, in his wisdom thought fit to proclaim that journals exclusively devoted to literature and science should be free from stamp duty. It appears, however, that these journals, though individually insignificant enough,—there is not one worthy of being compared to the *Literary Gazette* or the *Athenæum*—have collectively assumed an importance which the government thinks objectionable. I had almost written dangerous:—and it has therefore been resolved to "put them down." And this result is about to be obtained in a very ingenious way. The Courts have been made to decide that, as journals, in order to be exempted from stamp duty must be "exclusively" literary or scientific, they cannot admit advertisements,—and accordingly the Board of Customs has given orders that all journals which do admit advertisements shall be stamped. This is equivalent to a decree of suppression for the greater part of the journals, for their circulation is not sufficiently large to enable them to exist without advertisements; and the profits from advertisements are so little above the unavoidable expenses, that the stamp duty will swallow them up.

Brussels, Oct. 6.

The Literary Congress in this city has terminated its labours. Its debates on the various questions submitted to it were of great interest, and of very considerable ability; but, being in French, most of the gentlemen who took part in them were of that nation. The most important question discussed was, as to whether literary

property ought to be, like house or land, perpetual, or be limited to the author and his family for a certain number of years. In my humble opinion the weightiest argument was in favour of that proposition; but the Congress, nevertheless, decided against it. The various resolutions adopted by the Congress were in substance these:—All civilised nations ought to admit into their legislature the principle that literary and artistic works of all kinds shall be protected like any other property,—and even if any nation refuses to acknowledge this principle, the others ought to act on it. As regards the proprietorship of literary and artistic works, no distinction ought to be made in any country between foreign and native authors. Perpetual proprietorship in works ought not to be accorded to authors; but authors ought to possess for the whole of their own lives, the exclusive right of publishing or reproducing their works, and of selling the whole or any part of that right: the same privilege ought to go to their widows, or if the authors be females, to their husbands for their lives; and after the deaths of the widows or husbands, for fifty years to the children or nearest heirs. Musical compositions and artistic designs ought to be treated in the same way; and the same rights ought to extend to works published anonymously or under assumed names. Lectures, sermons, and speeches delivered in public, ought to be considered the property of their authors or their heirs; but with regard to pleadings before law courts, or to speeches in political assemblies, they may be printed without permission of their authors; but not, however, in a collected form. As to translations, the author ought to possess the exclusive right of translation into all languages for ten years, provided he exercises it within three years; and whether he exercises it or not in foreign countries, it ought to exist exclusively for him in his own country. Customs, duties, and postage of books and works of art ought to be reduced to the lowest figure possible, and the formalities for levying them ought to be simplified. Lastly, all the obstacles that embarrass the bookselling trade ought to be removed.

The number of distinguished authors who took part in the proceedings of the Congress was not great; but there was no lack of publishers and economists. In pleading for themselves, however, the publishers virtually pleaded for authors, the interest of both professions, as regards copyright, being identical.

SCIENTIFIC.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION FOR THE ADVANCEMENT OF SCIENCE.

SECTION C.—Geology.

Sir Roderick I. Murchison, the Director-General of the Geological Survey, laid before the Geological Section "The results of his researches among the Older Rocks of the Scottish Highlands." He commenced his observations by indicating the various steps which had been made in developing the geological structure of Scotland, from the days of Hutton and Playfair through those of Jameson and McCulloch, to the state in which the subject was advanced a few years ago by the proofs of the existence of considerable numbers of organic remains of Silurian age in the Southern Scottish counties, which, from the wild and hilly outline of most of them, have been termed the "Southern Highlands." This was the first great step made in the reform of Scottish classification; and for proofs of this, he referred chiefly to a memoir by Prof. J. Nicol in the 'Journal of the Geological Society,' and to his own memoir "On Ayrshire and the adjoining Counties." He then went on with a sketch of the knowledge progressively acquired respecting the structure of the North Highlands, pointing out that, besides what might be termed a lithological and mineral description of the oldest rocks, little or nothing had been effected in determining their true relative order of superposition—still less the identification of their

different members by the evidence of fossil organic remains. For example, red conglomerates of different tracts, now known to be of various ages, had formerly been merged with the "Old Red Sandstone."

Passing over the presence of masses of Oolitic or Jurassic age (Brora, &c.), which he had formerly described in a memoir published in the "Transactions of the Geological Society," he showed to what extent Professor Sedgwick and himself had, thirty-one years ago, ascertained an ascending order from gneiss, covered by quartz rocks with limestone, into overlying quartzose, micaceous, and other crystalline rocks, some of which have a gneissous character. They had also observed what they supposed to be an associated formation of red grit and sandstone; but the exact relations of this last to the crystalline rocks was not ascertained, owing to bad weather. In the meantime they, as well as all subsequent geologists, had erred in believing that the great and lofty masses of purple and red conglomerate of the western coast were of the same age as those on the east, and therefore "Old Red Sandstone." In addition to the valuable researches of Mr. Cunningham, the observations which the author made in the summer of 1855, when accompanied by Professor James Nicol, were communicated to the Geological Section at their last meeting at Glasgow; and to the abstract of that memoir, as published in the volume of the "Transactions," he referred, to indicate the then state of knowledge, and to prove the existence of a lower gneiss, clearly superposed by a younger series of crystalline rocks, as seen in sections from N.W. to S.E. across Sutherland, Caithness, Ross, Inverness, &c. The great feature, independent of the order of superposition, which has given to some of these lower rocks their most distinctive character, is the discovery by Mr. C. Peach, in the crystalline limestone subordinate to the quartz rocks, of certain organic remains, which even at the Glasgow meeting he had affirmed (on the authority of Mr. Salter) to be of Lower Silurian age. He was indeed convinced, from the physical position of the masses alone, and their inferiority to the great and diversified series of Old Red or Devonian age of the east coast, that such was the epoch of their accumulation. Now, although he had also observed, in company with Mr. Nicol, the clear interposition of a great mass of coarse red conglomeratic grit between the older gneiss (see memoir in Trans. of British Association) and the quartz rocks, the extent of this interpolation had not been traced; nor, again, owing to very stormy weather, had he been able to satisfy himself that this red conglomerate was, or was not, conformable to the overlying quartzites and limestones. Aware that his friend Colonel James, R.E., was about to visit Sutherland, Sir Roderick requested him to determine the point, and this was clearly and satisfactorily accomplished by Colonel James, who traced over a considerable area a discordance between the red and purple sandstones of the north-west coast and the overlying crystalline rocks. Later in the same summer, Professor Nicol, revisiting Sutherland, extended similar physical phenomena from Cape Wrath down all the west coast to Lochalsh in Ross-shire, and published his results in the 'Quarterly Journal of the Geological Society.' So far, then, as the physical order was concerned, i.e. from the fundamental or older gneiss up through great mountains of purple and red conglomerate unconformable to the rocks both below and above, and a series of quartz rocks with limestones, covered by younger gneiss, no doubt remained. But Professor Nicol, doubting the value of the parallel the author had endeavoured to establish between the few and imperfect fossils of these lower limestones and those of Lower Silurian age, suggested that the quartzites and limestones might be the equivalent of the carboniferous system of the south of Scotland. Wholly dissenting from that hypothesis, Sir Roderick urged Mr. Peach to avail himself of his first leisure moments to re-examine the fossil beds of Durness and Assynt, and the result was the discovery of so many forms of undoubted Lower Silurian characters (determined by Mr. Salter) that the question has been completely set at rest—there being now no less than nineteen or twenty species of Maclurea, Murchisonia, Ophileta, and Orthoceras, with an Orthos, &c., of which ten or eleven occur in the Lower Silurian rocks of North America.

Having revisited the region this summer, accompanied by Mr. Peach, and enjoying good weather, Sir Roderick was enabled to observe at many points the grand succession of rocks above indicated, and to confirm the view which he had laid before the Geological Society, of these true Lower Silurian rocks being surmounted by micaceous schists and flagstones, often passing into a younger gneiss. But whilst the author is convinced that most of the crystalline and sub-crystalline masses occupying the central and eastern parts of Sutherland and Ross are of younger age than the fossiliferous rocks of the North-western Highlands, he admits that there may be tracts in that vast extent of country where the older or fundamental gneiss may be brought to light.

The ascending order, however, on the west coast of the Highlands—i.e. from a fundamental gneiss, through great unconformable purple sandstones up into siliceous rocks and limestones with Lower Silurian fossils—is in perfect harmony with the general order in North America, worked out by Logan in Canada and by geologists of the United States, and confirmed at the recent visit of Professor Ramsay; for in that quarter of the world there exists a wide spread of ancient gneiss, which is termed Laurentian, surmounted by a series of stratified coarse rocks, termed Huronian; and the last again is followed by sandstones and limestones, some of which, classed as Lower Silurian, both by Logan in Canada, and Hall in New York, contain the same fossils as the rocks of Sutherland. The intercalated purple and red sandstones (No. 2 of the Highland series) therefore clearly represent the Cambrian rocks, and are separated from the old red of the east coast by the whole series of the quartz rocks, limestones, micaceous and quartzose schists, all of which have afforded the materials out of which the true old red series has been formed.

This second part of the communication related to the old red sandstone, properly so defined, as exhibited on the east coast, between the Orkney and Shetland Islands on the north, and Banffshire and Morayshire on the south, various points of which the author visited last summer. In Caithness and the Orkney Islands, accompanied by Mr. Peach, the author made various interesting additions to his former knowledge, particularly as derived from the researches of Mr. Robert Dick, of Thurso. His belief was sustained that the ichthyolitic flagstones of Caithness and the Orkneys, with their numerous fossil fishes, constitute the central member of the old red series, the lower part of which is made up of powerful conglomerates and a very great thickness of thin-bedded red sandstone, the whole resting on the crystalline rocks; whilst the central flagstones are surmounted by other sandstones, rarely red, and usually of yellow colour, which occupy the promontories of Hoy Head, Dunnet Head, &c. In quitting this part of his subject, Sir Roderick passed a warm eulogium on his countryman Hugh Miller (both natives of the same tract), and stated that he had specially visited Cromarty to see the progress which was being made in erecting a monument to his eminent and lamented friend; and he had the gratification to announce, that when the British Association met next year at Aberdeen, the work would be completed;—the only point on which he earnestly insisted being, that the column, which is to stand on a green knoll behind the house in which Miller was born, should be one of true "Old Red Sandstone." In Morayshire Sir Roderick made transverse sections, in company with the Rev. G. Gordon, of Birnie, from the edge of the crystalline rocks (there micaceous flagstone, in part used as slates) to the maritime promontories of Burg Head and Lossie Mouth, and was convinced that the yellow sandstones in which the air-breathing reptile, the *Telepeton* Elginense was found, are truly part

and parcel of the Old Red or Devonian series. In exploring the coast range from Burg Head to Lossie Mouth, he observed that the strata had been thrown up on an anticlinal, trending parallel to the more inland ridge with the *Telepeton*; and that, whilst the inland ridges are associated with hard subcrystalline cornstones (limestone), first described by Professor Sedgwick and himself as analogous to the Old Red cornstones of England, so the coast ridge, folding over, dips on the sea-shore beneath another band of similar cornstone, which in its turn is overlaid by flag-like, deep red sandstone, clearly seen in reefs at low water. In this Morayshire series there is not a trace of a carboniferous plant, and the strata are so bound together by mineral characters and fossil remains that they must all be grouped as Old Red or Devonian. Where fossil plants have been found in strata of this series, as in Caithness, and where the formation puts on a very different mineral aspect, the plants, which have been described by Hugh Miller and Salter, are distinct from those of the coal period.

The chief additional data which had been gained by Sir Roderick during his last visit were owing to the discovery by Mr. Martin, of Elgin, of a large bone in the very beds at Lossie Mouth which had formerly afforded the huge scales of the supposed fish, called *Staganolepis* by Agassiz. On visiting these quarries with Mr. G. Gordon, he was so fortunate as to discover other portions of this large animal; so that comparative anatomists may now determine whether it belongs to fishes or reptiles. However this point may be decided, the existence of reptiles, during the formation of this deposit, is established beyond a doubt; since many slabs have been found in the coast quarries of Cummingstone and Coveasa Hill, belonging to Mr. Alexander Young, in which are the footprints of both large and small animals, each footprint having the impression of three or four claws to it. A specimen, from Capt. Brickenden, is in the Geological Society's Museum, and others have been sent to the Museum of Practical Geology, London; some of them having been contributed by Mr. Patrick Duff, of Elgin. The presence of large reptiles, as well as of the little *Telepeton*, in this upper member of the Old Red Sandstone is therefore established.

After noting certain fossil fishes which occur in parts of the Duke of Richmond's estates in Banffshire, the author proceeded to review the great masses of sedimentary deposit lying along the eastern and southern faces of the crystalline rocks of the Grampians, which have been hitherto all classed as pertaining to the Old Red Sandstone, though he does not pretend as yet to be competent to describe their detailed relations. On these points, however, which Mr. D. Page is working out with ability, he begs to offer the following suggestion. The true base of the Old Red Sandstone, properly so called, is seen in Shropshire and Herefordshire to be a red rock, containing *Cephalaspis* and *Pteraspis*, which gradually passes down into the grey Ludlow rock; and in both of these contiguous and united strata, remains of large *Pterygoti*, but of different species in the two bands, are found. Now, although the Arbroath paving-stone, and the grey rocks ranging to the north of Dundee, much resemble the uppermost Ludlow rock, they contain the *Cephalaspis* *Lyellii*, and if, therefore, classed with the Devonian rocks, they must, under every circumstance, be viewed as the very base of that natural group. It follows, therefore, that certain conglomerates on the flanks of the Grampians, which underlie all those grey rocks with *Pterygoti* and *Cephalaspis*, can no longer be united, as they have been, with the Old Red or Devonian, but must represent some portion of the Silurian system. In speaking of the lowest member of the Old Red Sandstone, as characterised by the *Cephalaspis* *Lyellii*, the author expressed his conviction, that in the north-eastern Highlands and Caithness the zone is represented by the vast thickness of thin-bedded red sandstone and conglomerates, which had been already adverted to as lying beneath the Caithness flags.

The author, who had recently visited Dura Den,

in Fifeshire, in the company of Lord Kinnaird and the Rev. Dr. John Anderson, whose work on that beautiful tract is well known to geologists, declared that there could be no doubt whatever that the yellow sandstones of Fife pertain truly to the Old Red group, are entirely subjacent to the lowest carboniferous sandstones, and are of the same age as the upper yellow sandstones of Elgin. A drawing, prepared by Lady Kinnaird (the splendid specimen being in the museum at Rossie Priory), of the fossil fish *Holoptychius nobilissimus*, nearly three feet in length, which was found on the occasion of this visit on the property of Mrs. Dalgleish, was exhibited; and as this species abounds in the lower and red portions of the deposit, and also occurs in the overlying yellow sandstones, associated with *Holoptychius Andersoni* and *H. Flemingii* of the latter, the age of the deposit is clearly substantiated. In conclusion, Sir Roderick said that this communication must only be considered as a rehearsal of what was to be done with more effect next year at Aberdeen, when further observations might lead him either to confirm or modify some portion of his views. In the meantime, the great fundamental reform of the North Scottish series, proving the ascent from rocks on the west coast, which are unquestionably older than any in England and Wales, to the much younger "Old Red Sandstone" of the east coast, is firmly established.

The communication was illustrated by several geological maps, including an old one coloured by himself 31 years ago, the maps of McCulloch, Nicol, and Knipe, and a map of Sutherland which the author coloured this summer. Besides large diagrams, there were sketches of the west coast of Sutherland by Miss Charlotte Dempster.

SECTION F.—*Economic Science and Statistics.*

President—Mr. Edward Baines.

"On the Woollen Manufacture of England, with Special Reference to the Leeds Clothing District." By Edward Baines.

Mr. BAINES commenced his paper by observing that it was suitable when the British Association honoured Leeds with a visit that its members should receive some account of that great branch of manufacturing industry of which Leeds was the ancient seat, and which prevailed there on a larger scale than in any other part of England or of the world. It was peculiarly desirable that such an account should be rendered to this section, because, notwithstanding the antiquity of the manufacture, its economy and statistics were by no means well ascertained. Though a large part of the raw material was grown at home, we had absolutely no reliable statistics of the amount of this famous product of the British Isles. It was hoped, therefore, that the present attempt to ascertain the facts connected with the woollen manufacture might not be without its use; and also that it might derive some additional interest from indicating remarkable modern changes in this department of industry, and explaining some peculiarities which at first sight perplexed the political economist. The woollen manufacture of Yorkshire was prosperous and advancing; but it could not fail to have been noticed that its progress was less rapid and extraordinary than that of other textile manufactures; and it might be well to show that this was to be ascribed to circumstances inherent in the nature of the fabric, and not to indifference and apathy on the part of those engaged in this branch of industry. Mr. Baines then explained the difference between the woollen and the worsted fabrics, and noticed, as bearing upon the same results, that the processes of the woollen manufacture are more numerous and complex than those of any other of our textile manufactures, and are performed by a much greater variety of machines and of workpeople. It was pretty obvious, he said, that there must be proportionate difficulty in effecting improvements which would tell materially on the quantity or the price of the goods produced. There was still another fact which retarded the advance of the woollen as compared with other manufactures, namely, the higher price of the raw material, wool

being about three times the market price of cotton and flax. Nor could sheep's wool be augmented in quantity so rapidly as raw materials which merely required the cultivation of the soil. But the economist might inquire how is it that the worsted manufacture has of late years increased so much more rapidly than the woollen, seeing that it uses the same raw material—sheep's wool? It was to be ascribed in part to very remarkable improvements made within these few years in the process of combing, which was now performed by machinery instead of by hand, and the cost of the process reduced almost to nothing,—in part to the greater simplicity of the other processes, admitting of their being carried on almost entirely in large factories, but more than all to the introduction of cotton warps into the manufacture, which had not only cheapened the raw material, but had introduced a vast variety of new descriptions of goods, light, beautiful, cheap, and adapted both for dress and furniture. According to the last Factory Return made by the Factory Inspectors in 1856, and printed by the House of Commons in 1857, there were in Yorkshire 445 worsted factories and 806 woollen factories, but the number of operatives was 78,994 in the former, and only 42,982 in the latter. The average number of operatives in the worsted factories, therefore, was 177, whilst in the woollen factories it was only 53. The whole number of operatives returned in the census of 1851 as employed in these two manufactures in the county of York was—97,147 in the worsted manufacture, and 81,128 in the woollen. Four-fifths of all the hands employed in the worsted trade were in factories, whilst only about half of those in the woollen trade were in factories. Everything tended to show that the worsted manufacture, like those of cotton and linen, had become an employment carried on by the machinery of large factories; and as mechanical improvements were constantly speeding the power-loom and the spindle, so that in worsted factories the power-loom had increased 67 per cent. in speed within the last ten years, and the spindle 114 per cent., manufactures thus situated must advance more rapidly than those which, like the woollen, were more dependent on manual labour. The woollen manufacture was surpassed by the cotton manufacture at the beginning of the present century. It still held the second place in regard to the number of operatives employed, though not to the number employed in factories, in which it was surpassed both by the worsted and the flax or linen trades. In the woollen mills, between 1838 and 1856, the number of operatives increased 44 per cent., the horse power employed increased 25 per cent., and the number of power-loom increased 572 per cent.; but still the other manufactures advanced with greater strides in almost all these respects. Mr. Baines next referred to the sources from which the raw material, sheep's wool, is drawn, and to the remarkable changes which the present century has witnessed with regard to it. The wool was English, foreign, and colonial, and came from all quarters of the globe. Our largest supply was from the United Kingdom, but nearly half of the domestic wools was consumed in the worsted manufacture, and the other half was used for the lower kinds of woollen goods. Within living memory Yorkshire cloth was made exclusively of English wool, though Spanish wool had long been used for the finer cloths of the West of England. Now, however, English wool, from its comparative coarseness, was entirely disused in the making of broad cloth. In the last half of the 18th century the import of foreign wool fluctuated from a little under to a little over two million pounds weight a year. In 1799 it was 2,263,666 lbs. But in the year 1857 the quantity of foreign and colonial wool imported was 127,390,885 lbs., of which 90,903,666 lbs. was retained for home consumption. As the exports of woollen goods did not increase in any proportion whatever to these figures, it was evident that the character of the cloth, both that worn at home and that exported, must have been changed by the substitution of foreign and colonial for English wool. The foreign wool first used when this im-

provement in the quality of the cloth began was that of Spain, the native country of the merino sheep. The import of wool sprang up suddenly from 2,263,666 lbs. in the year 1799, to 8,609,368 lbs. in 1800; and of the latter quantity, 6,062,824 lbs., or more than two-thirds, was Spanish. After the French invasion of Spain and the long Peninsular wars, the quality of Spanish wool degenerated, and the quantity fell off; and its place in our manufacture was gradually filled by the wool of Saxony and Silesia, into which country the merino breed of sheep had been introduced in 1765. The German wool was still by much the finest used in any country; but as the merino flocks were introduced by Mr. Macarthur into our great Australian colonies, and were found to increase there immensely without any very great degeneracy in the quality of the fleece, German wool had in its turn to a very considerable extent been superseded by Australian. The following table showed the imports and exports of foreign and colonial wool, at intervals of about ten years, for the last century:—

FOREIGN AND COLONIAL WOOL IMPORTED AND EXPORTED.

Year.	Foreign Wool imported.	Colonial wool imported.	Total imported.	Foreign and colonial wool exported.	Left for home consumption.
1799	1,926,000	1,926,000	1,926,000
1799	2,263,666	2,263,666	2,263,666
1800	8,609,368	8,609,368	8,609,368
1820	9,653,366	122,239	9,775,605	64,568	9,711,037
1840	36,585,522	12,850,762	49,436,284	1,014,625	48,421,659
1850	26,102,466	48,224,312	74,326,778	14,388,674	59,938,104
1857	44,522,661	82,868,224	127,390,885	36,487,219	90,903,666

The changes which had taken place in the sources of supply were shown in the following table—

IMPORTS OF WOOL FROM THE PRINCIPAL COUNTRIES.

Year.	Spain.	Germany.	Australia.	South Africa.	East Indies.
	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.	lbs.
1800	6,062,824	412,394
1810	5,952,407	778,835
1816	2,958,007	2,816,655	13,611	9,623
1820	3,538,229	5,113,442	99,415	29,717
1830	1,643,515	26,073,882	1,967,879	33,407
1834	2,343,915	22,634,615	3,558,091	141,707	67,763
1840	1,266,905	21,842,099	9,721,243	761,741	2,441,370
1850	449,751	9,106,731	39,018,221	5,708,529	3,473,252
1857	383,129	5,983,380	49,209,655	14,287,828	19,370,741

Here we saw the decline in the quantity of Spanish wool imported from 6,062,824 lbs. in 1800, to 383,129 lbs. in 1857; the increase of German wool from 412,394 lbs. in 1800 to 26,073,882 lbs. in 1830; and its subsequent decline to 5,993,380 lbs. in 1857; the increase of Australian wool from 167 lbs. in 1810 to 49,209,655 lbs. in 1857; the increase in South African or Cape wool from 9623 lbs. in 1816 to 14,287,828 lbs. in 1857; and the increase in East India wool from 67,763 lbs. in 1834 to 19,370,741 lbs. in 1857. These were remarkable commercial changes, and they warranted the hope that we might ere long find in the East Indies, Australia, and Africa sources of supply for the still more important raw material of cotton, produced by the labour of freemen, instead of being so dangerously and perniciously dependent on the slave-raised cotton of the United States. (Applause.) The imports of German wool had fallen off even to a greater extent than appeared from the above table, inasmuch as there was now a large quantity of rag wool, called shoddy and mungo, imported from Germany; and he was assured by Mr. Fonblanque, of the Statistical department of the Board of Trade, that no distinction was made at the Custom-house between the entries of the finest Saxon wool, which was of the value of 3s. per lb., and those of shoddy, which was only worth a few pence per lb. Since this paper was written the Hon. Stephen Rice, deputy-chairman of the Board of Customs, had assured him that shoddy should in future be entered separately from wool. Of the annual production of wool in the United Kingdom there were, as had been said, no reliable statistics whatever, and the judgment of those engaged in the trade varied very widely. The balance of authority would dispose us to conclude that the annual produce of domestic wool

must be between 150,000,000 and 200,000,000 lbs. If we took the medium, namely, 175,000,000 lbs., at 1s. 3d. per lb., which was about the average price of the last thirty years, the value of this great raw material produced at home would be 10,937,500l. The judgment thus formed from a comparison of authorities had been exactly and unexpectedly confirmed by the result of careful inquiries and calculations, founded on the number of hands employed, the power of the machinery, and the estimated value of the goods manufactured. That result was that 160,000,000 lbs. are used by the woollen and worsted manufactures, whilst the quantity exported in 1857 was 15,142,881 lbs., making an aggregate of 175,142,881 lbs. of English wool. The exports of English wool, both in the raw state and in the first stage of manufacture, namely, yarn, were great and rapidly increasing. Thus the farmer was deriving benefit from the freedom of trade, and English wool was resuming its flow through channels which legislation had closed for five centuries. It was for our manufacturers to take care that no other country made a better use of their native raw material than themselves. Mr. Baines then glanced at the history of this ancient manufacture up to our own times, and observed that they ought not in that Association and in that section to withhold the honour due to the high intelligence, manly spirit, and wonderful disinterestedness of Lord Milton, afterwards Earl Fitzwilliam, who, whilst representing the great seat of the woollen manufacture, Yorkshire, advocated the removal of protection from the manufacturers, and, although one of the largest landowners, contended for the removal of protection from agriculture. (Hear, hear.) It was a matter of just pride for this Association and for Yorkshire to remember that that enlightened and high-minded nobleman was the first president of the British Association. The woollen manufacture, in its various branches, was very extensively diffused. According to the last Factory Return it prevailed in twenty-two counties of England, ten of Wales, twenty-four of Scotland, and six of Ireland. More than one-half of the operatives employed in the woollen factories were in the county of York, namely, 42,992 out of 79,081. The worsted manufacture, on the other hand, though for some centuries it had its chief seat in Norfolk, Suffolk, and Essex, had now obtained a remarkable concentration in the West Riding of Yorkshire. Out of 87,994 factory operatives in the worsted trade of the United Kingdom, 78,994 were in Yorkshire. The chief seat of the manufacture of superfine broad cloth had for centuries been, and still was, the West of England, and especially the counties of Gloucester and Wilts. The population, and doubtless also the trade of the West Riding of Yorkshire had increased much more rapidly both in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries than those of Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Norfolk. Between the years 1801 and 1851, the population of Leeds increased 224 per cent.; Bradford 682 per cent.; Huddersfield 325 per cent.; Halifax 179 per cent.; and Norwich 88 per cent. He apprehended that the principal advantages of the West Riding over Gloucestershire, Wiltshire, and Norfolk consisted, first, in the greater cheapness of coal and iron; secondly, in the larger body of men skilled in the making and working of machinery; and thirdly, in the facility of access to the great ports of Liverpool and Hull. But he inclined to think that the mere fact of Yorkshire having devoted itself to the manufacture of cheap goods had been as influential as any other cause. He must now speak of the general statistics of the woollen manufacture, and first of our exports to foreign countries. The earlier tables made no distinction between the woollen and worsted goods exported, and the later tables made the distinction imperfectly. Up to the year 1815 we had only the official value of the exports, which, however, probably did not vary much from the real value: from 1815 downwards we had the real or declared value. Before the year 1820 also, the tables included the exports to Ireland, though this fact was overlooked by most writers on the subject:—

WOOLLEN AND WORSTED GOODS AND YARN EXPORTED.

Years.	Manufactured Goods.	Yarn.	Total Exports.
From 1718 to 1724—yearly average	£. (Official Value)	£.	£.
1740	2,962,881	2,962,881
1750	3,056,720	3,056,720
1760	4,320,006	4,320,006
1770	5,453,172	5,453,172
1780	4,113,583	4,113,583
1790	2,589,109	2,589,109
1790	5,190,637	5,190,637
1800	6,917,583	6,917,583
1810	5,773,719	5,773,719
1820	(Declared Value)
1830	5,586,138	5,586,138
1840	4,726,666	122,430	4,851,696
1850	5,327,553	452,967	5,780,520
1857	8,588,690	1,451,642	10,040,332
1857	10,703,375	2,941,800	13,645,175

The experienced eye would see at a glance how for the last ninety years the natural progress of the woollen manufacture had been checked by the introduction of the cheaper material, cotton, and the unparalleled extension of its manufactures; of which we last year exported to the value of 29,597,316l. manufactured goods and 8,691,853l. yarn, making a total of 38,289,169l.

WOOLLEN AND WORSTED GOODS AND YARN EXPORTED FROM 1820 TO 1857, DISTINGUISHING THE CLASSES OF GOODS; WITH THE DECLARED VALUE FOR 1857.

	In 1820.	In 1850.	In 1857.	Total declared value, 1857.
			Quantities.	Value.
				£
WOOLLEN MANUFACTURES:—				
Cloth of all kinds	298,700	606,925	695,063	2,955,491
Napped Coatings, &c.	59,644	3,635	930	3,693
Duffels, &c.	78,944	15,626	3,777	19,587
Kerseymeres	37,183	23,727	16,474	81,017
Flannels	2,969,105	2,853,898	4,896,142	283,730
Blankets & Blanketings	1,388,400	5,461,224	8,218,506	576,480
Hosiery (other than Stockings)	249,737	..	232,076
Small Wares (including Rugs)	90,690
Shawls	194,736
TOTAL WOOLLEN GOODS	4,408,528
WORSTED AND MIXED STUFFS:—				
Worsted Stuffs	828,901	2,122,297	2,368,462	3,325,564
Mixed Stuffs (worsted, cotton, and silk)	407,716	52,873,686	57,715,819	2,225,830
Carpets and Carpetings	828,124	1,868,678	4,482,428	613,246
Stockings down	120,185	198,957	130,198
TOTAL WORSTED GOODS	6,294,847
WOOLLEN AND WORSTED YARN	13,794,225	23,990,704	2,732,386
Do. do. mixed with other materials	723,744	189,414
TOTAL YARN	2,941,800
Total Exports of Woollen and Worsted Goods and Yarn, £13,645,175				

It would be remembered that the year 1857 was one of great overtrading; and as far as could be judged from the seven months of the present year there would be a considerable falling off in the woollen exports and a still greater in the worsted exports. The combined woollen and worsted exports formed about one-ninth of the entire export trade of the country. The woollen goods exported were of the value of 4,408,528l., the worsted goods 6,294,847l.; and as the yarn was nearly all worsted, the total worsted exports would be 9,236,647l. These figures of course did not indicate the respective or proportionate values of the whole production of these two branches of the manufacture of wool, but only of the quantities exported. Including the domestic consumption, there was reason to think that the woollen manufacture somewhat exceeded that of worsted; but the figures of the table just given, especially combined with the considerations mentioned in an earlier part of the paper, would lead to the belief that the worsted manufacture would ere long exceed the woollen. In the attempt to estimate the entire annual value of the woollen manufacture, he had found difficulties on every side. All the elements for calculating the number of persons employed and the value of the goods produced were uncertain and defective. As to the number of persons employed, the census of

1851 made an approach to the truth, and was the best evidence we had, but it was not altogether trustworthy. He was disposed to think that we might estimate the earnings of each person employed in the woollen manufacture to support three-and-a-half persons, including himself, and in the worsted manufacture two-and-a-half; and at this rate the numbers supported in the respective branches would be as follows:—

Individual Workers in the Woollen and Worsted Manufactures, and estimated number of persons supported by them:

	Individual Workers.	Persons supported.
In the Woollen Manufacture	150,000 × $\frac{3}{2}$ =	225,000
In the Worsted	125,000 × $\frac{2}{1}$ =	250,000
Totals	275,000	837,500

It must also be remarked that a larger proportion of persons in auxiliary occupations was connected with the manufactures of wool than with any other textile manufacture, owing to more than one half of the raw material being raised at home, whilst the cotton and silk were wholly dependent on importation, and the linen almost wholly. The wages earned by the operatives in the woollen manufacture were good, and such as must afford the means of great comfort to their families, besides indicating a prosperous condition of the trade. He had been favoured with several tables of wages from houses of eminence in this neighbourhood, and he had the pleasure to know that they would be received by the statist as of great value. The following general statement might be received with entire confidence:—

AVERAGE WAGES OF OPERATIVES IN THE MANUFACTURE AND DRESSING OF WOOLLEN CLOTH IN THE LEEDS CLOTHING DISTRICT. Supplied by Messrs. Gott.

Description of Operatives.	Sex, &c.	Wages per week.
Wool sorters	Men	24s.
Woolscourers, dyers, &c.	Men	16s. to 20s.
Slubbers	Men	27s.
" overlookers	Men	36s. to 40s.
Servers or fillers	Girls or boys— for 1 machine for 2 machines	5s. 9s.
Billy piecers	Children	4s.; half-timers 2s.
Cleaners and willyers	Young men	12s. to 14s.
Mule spinners	Men	28s.
" piecers	Girls or boys	6s.
Warpers	Women	12s.
Weavers, hand-loom	Men	15s.
" power-loom	Women	10s. to 12s.
Overlookers & timers	Men	21s. to 23s.
Knotters	Women	7s. 6d.
Burlers	Women	5s. to 6s.
Millers	Men	18s. to 20s.
" overlookers	Men	30s. to 40s.
Dyers	Men	16s. to 18s.
" foremen	Men	30s. to 40s.
Dressers	Young men	12s. to 16s.
"	Boys	4s. to 9s.
Dressed cloth burlers	Women	6s. to 7s.
Drawers	Men	30s. to 40s.
Tenterers	Men	26s. to 30s.
Press-setters	Men	35s. to 40s.
Enginemens	Men	24s.

He felt justified in estimating the wages of operatives in the woollen manufacture at not less than 12s. 6d. per week on the average for men, women, and children; and this for 150,000 workers would give an aggregate of 4,875,000l. per annum. Mr. Baines then, having explained some circumstances relative to the Leeds clothing district, said that in drawing to a conclusion he must endeavour to estimate the annual value of the woollen manufacture of the kingdom. Uncertain as were several of the important elements in the calculation, he felt considerable confidence, arising out of the abundance of the materials before him, the care with which he had tested them, and the coincidence of several methods of calculation in bringing about the same result. The constituent parts of the value of the woollen manufactured in the United Kingdom were, 1st, the value of the raw material; 2nd, the value of other articles essential to the manufacture; 3rd, the wages paid to the workpeople; and 4th, the sum left to the capitalist for rent, repairs, wear and tear of machinery, interest of capital, and profit. His estimate was as follows:

I. RAW MATERIAL.

lbs.	£.
75,903,066 foreign and colonial wool	4,717,492
80,000,000 British wool, at 1s. 3d. per lb.	5,000,000
45,000,000 shoddy and mungo—	
30,000,000 lbs. at 2d.	600,870
15,000,000 lbs. at 4d.	206,537
Cotton warps, 1-50th of the wool	1,500,000
2. Dye wares, oil, and soap	
3. Wages—	
150,000 workpeople, at 12s. 6d. per week	4,875,000
4. Rent, wear and tear of machinery, coal, repairs, interest on capital and profit—	
20 per cent.	3,381,680
Total	£20,290,079

He would only, in conclusion, recommend the members of the British Association to inspect the Exhibition of Local Industry now open in Leeds where they would be able in some measure to judge of the industry and skill of its manufacturers; and would express a hope that these manufacturers will never rest satisfied with any position they may have attained, but stimulated and warmed by what they have seen in the Great Exhibitions of London and Paris, will remember that they only hold their prosperity on the condition of increasing improvement.

NATIONAL ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF SOCIAL SCIENCE.—The second annual Congress, to be held in St. George's Hall, Liverpool, next week, bids fair to be attended with results more important and successful even than those which distinguished the *debut* of the Association, at Birmingham, last year. After a special service in St. Nicholas's Church, and a sermon by the Right Rev. the Lord Bishop of Chester, the business of the Congress will be inaugurated on Monday evening, by a general meeting in St. George's Hall, at which an opening address will be delivered by Lord John Russell, and a number of resolutions will be submitted, in the proposing and seconding of which Lord Brougham, the Earl of Shaftesbury, and other distinguished members of the Association will take part. Tuesday will be devoted to addresses from the Presidents of the five sections (namely, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., the Right Hon. the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. the Earl of Shaftesbury, and the Right Hon. Sir James Stephen, K.C.B.); to a visit to the Akbar reformatory-ship, moored in the river; and to a *soirée* to be given in the evening to the members and associates in the Town-hall by the Mayor, Mr. James Holme. The departments will meet in their respective rooms in St. George's Hall between the hours of half-past ten a.m. and four p.m., when papers (to be restricted to 20 minutes each in reading) and discussions will be taken. On Wednesday the Jurisprudence Department will be occupied with a discussion on Bankruptcy Law Amendment; and on Friday the Social Economy Department is to be occupied with a Discussion on Coinage, Weights, and Measures. In order that the influence of the Association may reach the working-classes, a public meeting will be held in the Amphitheatre on Thursday evening which will be addressed by Lord J. Russell, Lord Shaftesbury, and other leading members of the Association. On Friday evening a grand public dinner will take place in St. George's Hall. Lord Brougham will occupy the chair; and among those present will be Lord John Russell, the Earl of Shaftesbury, the Earl of Carlisle, the Right Hon. W. F. Cowper, M.P., the Bishop of Pennsylvania, Sir John Pakington, M.P., Mr. Monckton Milnes, M.P., Sir A. Elton, M.P., Mr. S. Whitbread, M.P., Mr. T. Barnard, M.P., Mr. T. T. Abel Smith, M.P., Viscount Sanders, Mr. W. Brown, M.P., the leading members of the commercial community of Liverpool, &c. Among the subjects for discussion, papers are expected from Mr. Ruskin, Miss Florence Nightingale, Rev. C. Kingsley, Mr. Slaney, M.P., the latter bearing on "public parks and playgrounds." The Association has found an active and energetic local honorary secretary in Mr. George Melly, brother of Mr. C. P. Melly, the founder of the Liverpool drinking-fountains and free gymnasium for the people.

MR. GEORGE LINDSEY BLYTH,
ANALYTICAL CHEMIST TO THE BOARD OF HEALTH.

The cause of sanitary reform has lost a zealous and able promoter in the late Mr. G. L. Blyth, who died suddenly a few days since, at his residence in London, at the early age of 35. Mr. Blyth was well known in scientific circles as a gentleman who had for many years devoted considerable attention to the deodorisation and utilisation of sewage and other refuse matter of towns. In October, 1852, he published a paper on Mineral Manures, in which he suggested the use of a compound powder of sulphate of magnesia and sulphate of lime, for fixing the ammonia given off in the decomposition of stable refuse, and so purifying the air of the stable, while it greatly increased the value of the dung as manure. The paper, originally published in the *Annals of Pharmacy*, was copied into other scientific journals; and since then several patents have been taken out for the use of different magnesian salts in the preparation of manure from town refuse.

Since 1852 Mr. Blyth had occupied himself, as much as other engagements and constant ill-health would allow, in making further experiments on the same subject; and in the early part of the present year he patented the use of the super-phosphates of lime and magnesia in the preparation of sewage manures. There can be no doubt that in the present state of chemical knowledge this is the method by which the most valuable result is to be obtained. Dr. Letheby in his recently published Report on Sewage and Sewer Gases remarks, that of the many substances which have been proposed, only two can be used with advantage, lime and the super-phosphate of lime and magnesia; and the tendency of Professor Liebig's opinion in this direction has been very marked of late. The process, we have reason to believe, will soon be in active operation, and scientific men will be spared the scandal of seeing matter worth millions of money any longer wasted only to pollute the air we breathe and the water we drink, and so poison a population which ought to reap wholesale benefits from its utilisation.

Mr. Blyth also suggested a plan for the adoption of sulphurous acid for the purpose of completely deodorising and disinfecting the sewage of towns after the more valuable ingredients had been extracted from it by his patent process already alluded to. An experiment with this gas was recently made under his direction at Kings' Scholar Pond Sewer, which proved perfectly successful, the liquid sewage passing off into the river quite odourless.

From these results, and from his appointment as analytical chemist to the Board of Health, the friends of Mr. Blyth had begun to prophesy a brilliant future; but continued ill-health and constant anxiety of mind induced some mental aberration, and we have now to announce his decease, just as he was about to witness the adoption of his scientific plans upon a large scale, and to enjoy the realisation of his early-cherished hopes, the Leicester Sewage Company having, after the severest trials of his process, resolved upon allotting to him one-fourth part of all their property and patents, valued at 124,000*l*.

ROYAL COLLEGE OF PHYSICIANS.—The Harveian oration will be delivered by Dr. Aldis in the ensuing year.

FINE ARTS.

MR. FLATOU'S COLLECTION OF MODERN PAINTINGS.

WHILST her domiciles at the fashionable end of London are closed, Art seems to have migrated for awhile eastward. Under the shadow of the Royal Exchange two pictorial exhibitions of considerable interest are now open. One is that the title of which heads this paper; the other, on the opposite side of the way, is of Frith's famous 'Derby Day.'

Mr. Flatou's collection is at Messrs. Leggatt's New City Gallery, Change Alley, Cornhill, close to Garraway's far-famed Coffee House. It is a really

note-worthy collection of oil paintings by British artists, formed by Mr. L. V. Flatou, and placed here by him for exhibition and sale. It comprises nearly 150 paintings, some well known to the frequenters of the annual exhibitions, some which have been exhibited but which few will recollect, and some which are now made public for the first time. Having been collected with a view to sale, the pictures are of the size and class which address themselves to the ordinary English purchaser—works of an enjoyable character, parlour pictures, rather than works of a lofty aim—and such as fairly illustrate the strength and the weakness of the British school.

As a new work and one of the largest in the room, the foremost place must be assigned to 'The Fair in Seville,' by J. Phillip, A.R.A. and R. Ansdell. Mr. Ansdell's share is confined to the mules, a large dog, and a number of merines penned in the right hand corner, and may be dismissed at once: he has played his part so well, that without the intimation in the catalogue, it would hardly be suspected that a second hand had been engaged on any part of the picture. But the picture itself calls for a closer examination. Not being finished in time for the Academy Exhibition, it is in danger of attracting less attention than it merits. 'The Fair in Seville' is one of Phillip's most carefully painted and, to our thinking, one of his very finest works. Rather a corner of the fair than the fair itself, it possesses little incident, but what it has is brought well before the spectator. The chief place in the composition is occupied by a mounted maja with his light-hearted maja seated behind him on a mule, who has just been bathing his nose in a water-trough. A market-woman, swarthy but good-looking, and conscious of it, is tempting the belle to purchase some of her wares. On the right of the picture is a coquettish-looking country girl, her shawl drawn over her head mantilla fashion, seated on a light-coloured mule. She is listening to the jokes of a country cousin, who is of course smoking the everlasting cigarette. On the left in front of an extemporised posada a merry group are dancing with true Spanish hilarity. Other figures—men and mules—seen imperfectly in the background, the half-moorish Giralda tower, and the clear sunny sky, complete the picture. As will be seen, the composition—like most of Mr. Phillip's—is simple. The story, such as it is, is easily read; yet by the happy unforced arrangement, the painter's evident mastery of the materials of his art, and the brilliant yet perfectly harmonious colouring, a picture is produced such as can hardly fail to satisfy the connoisseur; while the hearty genial expression of the dressing, rollicking maja, the mirthful, well-satisfied face of the pretty brunette, his companion, the abandon of the dancers, the keen quiet sense of humour, and the sunny atmosphere pervading the whole, assure the spectator who looks at that which lies beyond mere technical skill, that he has before him a phase of Spanish life and character, not the mere product of the studio, but such as a shrewd observer saw and made a note of in the Spain of Cervantes and Le Sage, of George Borrow and Richard Ford. But as a notable example of manipulative dexterity, we may point to the canary-coloured satin dress of the maja glittering in the bright sunshine, the glancing light, the dusky shadows, the 'shot' effect (as we believe ladies call it), all caught to perfection, yet without a superlative touch; to the elaborate dandyism of the gentleman's Andalusian finery, and the tasselled trappings of the mule, imitated with an accuracy beyond which it seems hardly possible to go; and yet, as when you look closely at them you will see, executed without the least approach to that needle-point stippling which so many of our younger painters painfully parade. We wish we could persuade such of our young artists as are not too far gone in the pre-Raphaelite malady to look steadily at this picture with regard merely to its execution. Even they, we think, will acknowledge that here is finish enough to satisfy every eye and mind which looks for anything beyond deceptive imitation in a picture. It is

worth their consideration, too, whether a man who spends thrice as much time in imitating a tassel as the tassel-maker did in making it, does not rather place himself on the level of the tassel-maker than aspire to the rank of the poetic painter. Of the little worth of mere minute microscopic labour on trumpery objects there is a sufficient example in this room, in the elaboration of a bundle tied up in a cotton pocket-handkerchief in the corner of a little picture by Mr. J. Campbell, and which must have taken twice as long to paint as Raffaele would have taken to paint the head of an apostle, or Gerard Dow the top of a broomstick. There are two smaller pictures by Phillip here—'El Aqua Bendita,' and 'The Sunbeam,' the last a cottage interior, in which a child on its mother's lap is trying to catch a sunbeam, very cleverly painted—the child especially—but having that general tone of brownness which the sun of Spain appears to have chased away from his later pictures.

One of the most ambitious paintings in the room is 'The Bower of Bliss,' by P. F. Poole, A.R.A., a work of considerable size, and displaying poetic feeling as well as imagination, though neither the poetry nor the joyance of Spenser. It is marred, moreover, by eccentricities of colour, and peculiarities of composition and drawing. Such pictures as these make us long that the painter would bury himself for awhile with nature, and thus strive to regain a portion of that freshness which rendered his early pictures, humble as they were in aim, so charming. Of these early pictures there are two or three examples here,—'Bo-peep,' 'The Mountain Toilet,' &c., and one of the intermediate period, 'The Captives.' With the 'Bower of Bliss' may be associated 'Rasselas in the Happy Valley,' by F. Danby, A.R.A., another work which it would be easy to praise or to censure according to the mood, or as the spectator enjoys the poetry of rich gloomy colour, or rests satisfied with certain pictorial 'effects,' or looks for the evidence of original thought and feeling. Even more ambitious in subject is 'The Nativity of Christ: from Milton's Hymn,' by F. R. Pickersgill, R.A. Though only a study for a larger painting, it is a carefully finished little picture, with all the well-known characteristics of Mr. Pickersgill's poetic works: we fancy the old puritan bard would, however, hardly have acknowledged this as an embodiment of his idea; or that the glorious old tinker of Elstow would have recognised his 'Christian being led into the Valley of Humility, by Prudence, Piety, Charity, and Discretion,' in Mr. Pickersgill's picture so entitled.

Still giving precedence to Academicians and Associates, we may mention that there is a finished sketch by Sir Charles Eastlake of the Parthenon; and in passing notice that Mr. Herbert's 'Assertion of Liberty of Conscience, in the Westminster Assembly of Divines, 1664' (not the large picture); and Byron's 'First Love,' by E. M. Ward, R.A., both of which are familiar from the engravings, are also here. More characteristic of Mr. Ward's manner, however, is his 'Peveril of the Peak,' a clever little work, painted in 1853. By the same painter's better-half (for though neither Academician nor Associate, Mrs. Ward might worthily be either, and it would hardly be gallant to separate her from her husband), there are the pretty drawing-room picture, 'Household Gods in Danger,' which won some notice in the Academy Exhibition two or three years back, and another, entitled 'Hawking.' By Sir Edwin Landseer there is an early production,—a small but singularly spirited study of a lion and lioness quarrelling over a newly-killed deer. Although a slight work, it possesses an amount of fire and animation very rarely seen of late years in the works of Sir Edwin. The open mouth of the lioness with the sides puckered up so as to unsheath the teeth, is worthy of Snyders in drawing, colour and expression; and so true that you almost seem to hear the short hard growl which accompanies the action. The head of the lion is also excellent—so excellent indeed that we should be content to see a repetition of it on one of the Nelson column pedestals.

Frith is represented here by one of his print-shop waiting-maid prettinesses, 'Did you ring, sir?'; a study of an old man's head, which bears the somewhat large title of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel'; and the finished study for his 'Mail Coach Adventure.' To see him in his glory you must cross to the other side of Cornhill. Mr. Elmore's terrestrial lovers from the 'Two Gentlemen of Verona' may be passed by silently now, having been seen at the last Exhibition: so too may Mr. Hart's celestial ones, 'Mercy and Peace.' By Mr. Frank Stone there is a 'Minna and Brenda,'—not one of his best works, but with many good points. By Mr. Hook there are two very charming but curiously different specimens. The first is his 'Chevalier Bayard taking his Departure,' painted when the artist was fresh from his studies of Venetian colour, and showing much of the richness and refinement of Giorgione, and something of the softness and delicacy of Eastlake: the two daughters of his Brescian hostess, who are expressing their gratitude to the good knight, and offering him the presents they have worked for him, are exquisitely sweet and chaste in form and expression. The other picture is one of the first Mr. Hook painted when he left the glowing hues of Venice for the verdure of Old England. It is entitled 'Brambles,' and is simply a pretty Devonshire lass making her way through the tangled gap beside a stone stile. Both are of small size, and both are (as indeed are all Mr. Hook's pictures) finished with scrupulous care.

Let us turn now to the Academy landscape painters. By Constable there is 'The Lock on the Stour, Suffolk,' one of the fresh, unpretending transcripts from his native county which helped to win him his reputation; painted, therefore, before the mannerisms by which he is most known were fully developed. Mr. F. R. Lee, R.A., has a broad, open, breezy stretch of bosky country, a 'View near Crediton,' (painted in 1843); and a 'Small Landscape.' Creswick has three pictures: one a quiet rock-bound pool with a group of thick overhanging trees, and a rough road winding away towards the distant hills; another the edge of a wood, entitled, 'Felling Timber'; and a third of larger dimensions, 'A Ford across an English River,' the cattle, by Mr. Cooper, which was in the last Academy Exhibition. The single picture bearing Stanfield's name is a small replica of his famous work, 'The Victory, with the dead body of Nelson on board, entering the bay of Gibraltar,' very carefully painted, almost impeccable in water, hull, rigging, and rocks, but wanting something of the solemnity of feeling which seems of right to belong to such a scene, and such a circumstance. When we have mentioned 'Venice by Moonlight,' a quiet little picture by E. W. Cooke, A.R.A., and 'Sheep and Cattle,' by T. S. Cooper, A.R.A., we have, we believe, pretty well exhausted the list of those entitled to wear the Academic letters.

Outside the Academy we meet with something of a novelty in some joint-stock or partnership pieces by oddly intermingled trios and pairs of painters, as trios and pairs of authors used to concoct plays in the days of Good Queen Bess and the British Solomon. First, we have a good-sized picture by J. F. Herring, sen., H. Bright, and C. Baxter—'The Gay Cavalier,' who is on horseback at a castle-gate, greeting two fair ladies—each of the trio (painters as well as actors) playing the customary part: a picture bright enough in colour, but as regards 'the mind, and a' that,' wanting a Baxterian shove to make it worth a herring. 'The Trooper' is a sort of low-life companion to 'The Cavalier,' from the same firm, and very similar in quality. 'A Farm-Yard' belongs to the firm of Herring, Bright, and Faed. Messrs. Bright and Hensell contribute some chickens; Bright and Huggins some cattle. To see that these don't stray, Bright and Baxter send their 'Gipsy Mother,' while Hill, Bright, and Earle provide the 'Humble Fare,' and Bright and Hill furnish the 'Drink by the Way,' and, lest that should fail, have 'A Mountain Spring' to fall back upon. Each of these painters has one or more pictures wholly from his own pencil, and sufficient to show that painters work best when they work

alone. Where a painting is the composition of a single artist, it may occasionally happen that certain subsidiary portions may be advantageously painted in by another who has made such objects a special study; but where the picture is literally a partnership affair, it is seldom of much worth except as a specimen of handiwork.

One of the most noticeable works by a non-academician is Mr. Faed's 'A Listener never hears gude o' himself,' which formed one of the attractions of the last Academy exhibition, but of which the painting is better than the subject. 'The Auld Stile,' and a 'Cottage Interior' are two smaller works by him. By Mr. Lance there is 'A Sumptuous Dessert,' which really deserves the title. We have seen no such luscious grapes, plums, pears, and peaches from even his pencil, and certainly no such splendid but admirably harmonised colour, for many a day. But why that noble pheasant at a dessert? Several of poor Muller's landscapes and one of his interiors are here. One of large size and grandly dashed off—'A North Welsh River Scene and Water-Mill'—was painted the year of his death, and was one of the most noted pictures at the Art-Treasures Exhibition, Manchester. Bright has some good landscapes, one 'The Old Welsh Flannel Mill, Bettws-y-Coed,' is one of his latest works, but he has not even in it got rid of the disagreeable manner he contracted from his crayon practice. Pyne's landscapes have we think all been exhibited before: the truest to nature is his murky 'Ennerdale Water.' Mr. Johnston's large 'Trial of Archbishop Laud,' is sufficiently known by the engraving. A couple of Nicol's small scraps of Irish humour—a little extravagant perhaps as Irish humour is apt to be—should not be overlooked. One is 'Paddy at Home,' standing in his rough tangled bit of potato garden, out at elbow, and scratching his red locks in utter bewilderment as he contemplates the rotten potatoes he has just turned up, and wonders how he is to raise the rint of his cottage—which is evidently, like everything else about him, going to the bad. In the other, 'Paddy Abroad,' the prosperous emigrant is sitting sunning himself on a settle, under his own vine and fig-tree, enjoying his quart and his long pipe (no duce in the States), and considering his creature comforts with a most comical expression of satisfaction. A much larger picture, meant also to be mirth-moving, Mr. Rippingille's 'Horse-shoe Trial,' we confess to not seeing the drift of—else it is a picture on which a vast deal of labour has been spent, and in which are some good single heads. Like Mr. Fraser's 'Last Penny,' it belongs to a school of humour that is passing out of date.

We might go on with our list, for there are many more, as Mr. Le Jeune's 'Golden Age,' Miss Solomon's 'Friend in Need,' Mr. Ansell's 'Shooting Pony,' &c., which deserve a word of praise, but we have mentioned enough to show that the exhibition is well worth a visit, and we leave it with the wish that the enterprising collector may be successful in his assault on the pockets of the citizens. Phillip's 'Fair at Seville,' though one of the costliest works in the collection, we were glad to see found a purchaser at the private view. It will not, we suppose, however, be at present removed from the exhibition rooms.

FRITH'S 'DERBY DAY' is on view at Messrs. Leggat's old rooms, No. 79, on the north side of Cornhill. It is seen to great advantage here. It has a room all to itself; is placed on a wall of a dark dull claret or maroon colour, and is excellently lighted. The cynosure of every eye at the Academy Exhibition, 'The Derby Day' is so well remembered, and it has been so often and so amply described and criticised, that it would be idle to enter into any examination of it now. But since its removal from the Academy it has been a good deal worked upon, and wonderfully improved alike in general tone and in individual expression, and we strongly counsel our readers to take the opportunity of reviewing their former opinion, or reviving their recollection of it. When we saw it at Trafalgar Square we confess to having wished for a larger sprinkling of the Derby dust, and a

stronger infusion of the Derby fun. But we feel this far less now. And in going at leisure, and unembowed by the crowd, steadily over every part, group by group and figure by figure, the shrewd observation, quiet reflection, and kindly humour became more and more apparent, as did also the patient conscientious labour, and the intelligent application of all the various resources of the Art. In looking at the picture, indeed, we could not but feel how exactly fitted such a representation of our national meeting would be for a honoured place in our National Gallery, if our National Gallery were only what its title seems to imply that it ought to be, a gallery for pictures by eminent native painters, as well as by the great masters of every continental school.

Messrs. Leggett are exhibiting 'The Derby Day,' with a view to obtaining subscribers to the large line engraving which is being made from it by M. Auguste Blanchard, who has distinguished himself by his engravings from the works of Delaroche, as well as of Meissonnier and other French *genre* painters. Should M. Blanchard be as successful in rendering the *tout ensemble* as he is almost sure to be in rendering the individual character, this will be one of the most remarkable as it will be one of the most elaborate plates published in England for many years past.

At the SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM an opportunity is given of reconsidering an old judgment on a couple of works which have been for some time withdrawn from the public gaze. The Governors of Bethlehem Hospital have lent for exhibition Gabriel Cibber's two much-talked-of statues of Raving and Melancholy Madness, which were formerly over the gateway of "Old Bedlam" at Moorfields. Pope's lines on the "brazen brainless brothers," and the cold reference to the "mad figures" by the classic-minded Flaxman represented the opinion of the minority. Walpole for once was of the popular opinion, which was shared by a large number of men of cultivated taste, that these statues were works of surpassing genius. Allan Cunningham found in them "the earliest indications of the appearance of a distinct and natural spirit in sculpture," and expressed his deliberate opinion that they "stand first in conception and only second in execution among all the productions of the island. Those," he says, "who see them for the first time, are fixed to the spot with terror and awe," and this feeling he himself felt, he relates, when "some eighteen or twenty years" before "when an utter stranger in London, he found himself after much wandering in the presence of those statues, then occupying the entrance to Moorfields. Sculpture," he goes on to say, "was to me at that time an art unknown, and it had to force its excellence upon my mind, without the advantage of any preparation either through drawings or descriptions. But I perceived the meaning of those statues at once, felt the pathetic truth of the delineation, and congratulated myself on having discovered a new source of enjoyment." Honest Allan was not a very profound Art-critic, but he understood sculpture and was acquainted with most existing English examples of it. A view of the statues will, we fear, hardly support the conception formed of them from descriptions like these. But they are not shown to advantage. They were designed to be placed on the top of an entrance gateway, and were, of course, intended to be seen from below. The whole form and conception of the figures, indeed, show that the sculptor never for a moment lost sight of the position they were intended to occupy. Yet with almost inconceivable incongruity, they are at the South Kensington Museum placed on the tables constructed for plates and dishes and other objects of ornamental art; and, consequently, instead of looking up at them, as the sculptor expected, the visitor looks down upon them. He sees the part which the sculptor meant to be out of sight, and cannot see that which was meant to be looked at. And in another respect they are unfit for close inspection. Pope, as we have seen, called them "brazen," and was told that he had made a blunder, as they were of Portland stone. How

he came to make the blunder (as it would seem from merely reading the story, not an easy one to make) is here made plain. The statues are coated thickly with dark green or black paint. This was done, it is said, to protect them from the weather, but it might surely be removed now they are no longer kept in the open air. As it is, all the work of the chisel is hidden, and a vulgar look is added. Still, if they be fairly examined, the visitor will find enough in them to justify to a great extent the admiration they have called forth. Raving Madness is personified in a naked, thick-set, bull-throated, muscular figure, said to have been modelled from Oliver Cromwell's porter, then an inmate of the hospital. Manacled and fastened to the ground with a heavy chain, he is writhing in an agony of passion, his fists clenched, his sunken eyes strained almost to bursting, every muscle in a state of tension, the whole man striving in a violent effort to break away from the chain by which he is bound. Melancholy Madness, like its companion, is prone on the ground, with the face raised, but the front of the body downwards. In this figure, which is partly clad, the ill-developed and flaccid muscles, the gaping mouth and vacant eye, speak of insane, idiotic, or dull drivelling, rather than melancholy madness. But the contrast between the figures is well marked, and even in their present curiously infelicitous position you feel that they are works of unquestionable power, and can have little doubt that in their original place they must have been very effective in a broad rough way. Further we should in justice to Cibber remind those who look at them that they were about half a century ago "restored," as it is termed, by that very respectable but very feeble sculptor, the younger Bacon.

As we are noticing the sculpture here, we may mention that there are now in the English Sculpture Gallery at South Kensington—lent for a short time, by their respective owners—two marble statues worth looking at: a replica of Power's Greek Slave—differing, as it seems to us, in some respects, from Lord Ward's; and a Venus by Gibson, worthy of the chisel of our greatest poetic sculptor, though scarcely to be regarded as an embodiment of the Goddess of Beauty. The casts of recent works, which are constantly being changed, now form an interesting collection.

NEW MUSICAL PUBLICATIONS.

The Harmonium Museum (Boosey and Sons), is, on the whole, one of the best and most agreeably varied collections of music for the instrument to which it is dedicated. Whatever musicians, steadily opposed to innovations of every kind, and jealous for the organ and piano, may think of the harmonium, the wide acceptance it has obtained in social circles cannot be denied. It therefore devolves upon those who have the ear of the public, and whose names carry weight and authority, to turn this popularity to account as much as practicable for the interests of Art. When Mendelssohn was asked why he wrote so many table-songs (part-songs for the *Lieder-tafel* societies), he replied that it was his duty to aid the cause of music to the best of his ability in all places.* Wherever that noble spirit breathed it refined and purified; and if all ballads and part-songs were like his, the reign of musical commonplace would soon be passed. Though not exactly a Mendelssohn, Mr. Henry Smart is one of England's thoroughly cultivated musicians; and the explanatory preface which he has affixed to "The Harmonium Museum" is the most interesting feature of the publication. Mr. Smart traces the mechanical principle by means of which the tone of the harmonium is produced, to the earliest antiquity, giving priority only to the "Syrinx, or Pan's pipe." He describes the various stages of its progress, the various devices by which, from time to time, its mechanism has been improved and its means of effect augmented, until he has arrived at the almost perfect instru-

* Or words to that effect. If we are not mistaken, the anecdote may be found in Mr. H. F. Chorley's "Modern German Music."

ment which—thanks in a very large measure to the application and ingenuity of French manufacturers—we now possess. To this historic and philosophical recapitulation, Mr. Smart adds some judicious remarks about the method of performance, the use of the pedals for supplying wind, the management of the stops, treating more particularly of the *expression stop*, and the art of manipulation generally. His preface, indeed, is of itself so valuable that "The Harmonium Museum" might be strongly recommended to our amateur readers, if on that score alone. The examples of fingering, deduced from Friedrich Schneider's "Organ School," which immediately follow the preface, will also be found of very great utility to students.

The musical contents of "The Harmonium Museum" comprise no less than 100 pieces, selected from the works of the most renowned masters, ancient and modern, and arranged for the instrument by Mr. Rudolf Nordmann, who has for the most part accomplished his task with as much success as the means at disposal would allow. We have, nevertheless, a heavy complaint to make against Mr. Nordmann, and this with reference to Mendelssohn's "Lieder ohne Worte," of which several are included, nearly all of them altered so greatly to modify their character, we need scarcely insist *not* for the better. For example, No. 1, from the first book (in E) is presented in close harmony throughout, whereas in the original the harmony is dispersed in arpeggios for both hands. A similar liberty is taken with the symphony of No. 4, Book 1 (in A), and with the symphony of No. 4, Book 3 (in A), both to the detriment of the author. Again, from No. 3, Book 2 (in E), the symphony is altogether omitted. Such liberties with admitted models are wholly indefensible. In No. 5, Book 4 (in G), Mendelssohn's text is preserved; but the *lied* that follows (in B flat), in the shape given it by Mr. Nordmann, can only be regarded as a caricature. We allude to the *duetto*, in A flat (No. 6, Book 3, not "2"), again presented in close harmony, transposed, and otherwise so altered and defaced, that to attach the name of Mendelssohn to it was a delinquency as unpardonable as the act of Vandalism involved in the disfigurement of such exquisite beauty was offensive to good taste. If compositions of this order cannot be brought under the fingers of the harmonium-player without such expedients, they had best be left to the instrument for which they were intended. Page 128, and the first half of page 129, should be expunged, as unworthy of the otherwise respectable character of the book.

The Verdi Album (Boosey and Sons), is a collection of twenty-five of the most favourite solo airs from the operas of the "Screech Owl of Busseto," as he has been nick-named by envious and unsuccessful aspirants, who would more justly describe him as the most popular Italian dramatic composer now living and producing. The operas drawn upon include *Ernani*, *I Due Foscari*, *Giovanna D'Arco*, *I Lombardi*, *Luisa Miller*, *Macbeth*, *Nabucco*, *Oberto*, *Rigoletto*, *Simon Boccanegra*, *La Traviata*, and *Il Trovatore*—a notable catalogue of masterpieces. The songs thus comprised under one cover, from "Ernani involami" to "Tacea la notte," taking, of course, "La mia letizia," "Questa o quella," and "La donna e mobile," by the way, are beyond question the most attractive that have proceeded from the pen of this prolific and certainly gifted, if somewhat hasty and negligent, author; and the red-hot Verdiist who purchases the volume, may consider himself possessor of the *fine fleur* of his idol's melodic invention. Besides the Italian text, each song enjoys the advantage of an English version of the words, in the great majority of instances remarkably well made, and suiting the music to "a hair's breadth."

M. W. Balfé's *New Universal Singing Method* (Boosey & Sons) has the advantage of not being accompanied by any treatise on the elements of music, or indeed on the elements of anything at all. Apart from a very brief preface—to a particular point in which we shall allude—it consists of a primary exercise for the voice, on the vowels "A, E, I, O, U," an exercise on the open vowel

"A," sixteen songs of various degrees of length and difficulty (which, no authors' names being cited, we presume to be the exclusive property of Mr. Balfe), and a brief series of vocal studies. Each song is written with a definite object, and this object is suggested either by the title or by a preliminary note. "My book," says Mr. Balfe, "is expressly composed for persons who cannot have the assistance of a master." It is, therefore, obviously not so much intended for absolute beginners, as for those who, having acquired a certain amount of elementary knowledge, are desirous of prosecuting their studies in an easy and agreeable manner. Judged from this point of view, Mr. Balfe's "Singing Method" may be warmly commended, if not for its "universality," at least for the happy manner in which it combines the *utile* with the *dulce*. The order of the vocal studies is progressive. Those on the distances or "intervals" begin with the third (why not with the second?) and terminate, of course, with the octave. They are all excellent, and nearly all to the purpose. One only—the exercise on the fifth—may be challenged on account of its profuse and (for the learner) inconvenient modulation. The exercise on the "shake" (vowel, "A"—pronounced as in "mama") is capital; that on "semi-tones" less perfect; that on "syncopeation" admirable; and that on the *mordente* (or "turn") very good. Besides these, there are two studies of the *roulade*, one preparatory; a simple (very simple) little song; a ballad, illustrating discretion in ornament; and *bravura*, every one more or less well adapted to the immediate objects in hand. So that Mr. Balfe has done enough of original in this *singing method* to be exempted from the charge, preferred in a recent notice of a similar publication, of *bona fide* "book-making." His work, in short, without being at all profound, is both useful and entertaining.

THE SATURDAY REVIEW VERSUS LORD MACAULAY.

To the Editor of THE LITERARY GAZETTE.

Sir,—In a notice of *Luttrell's Brief Historical Relation of State Affairs*, contained in the number of the *Saturday Review* for August 21, it is affirmed that "the chief interest attaching to these volumes in the mind of the student will be the test they afford to judge of the much-impugned accuracy of Mr. Macaulay." This "Test" the *Reviewer* then proceeds to apply. The result is, that two sentences from the fourth volume of "The History of England from the Accession of James the Second," are seized on and paraded; that the most sweeping generalisations, based partly upon these two sentences, are speedily arrived at, and loudly enunciated; and finally, that Lord Macaulay is, in the most open and unmistakable manner, impeached of high literary crimes and misdemeanors.

Many questions will have forced themselves upon readers of this *Saturday Review* article. Here is our very sternest preacher of high literary morals! Is this critique to be taken as a specimen of elevated ethics reduced to practice? The *Reviewer* has found a "Test." Is its application beset with the difficulties he asserts? He has impugned the fidelity of England's latest historian. Is the book in question a reliable authority, or the contrary? These important questions I believe I can enable the reader to solve satisfactorily.

The charges against Lord Macaulay resolve themselves into two, *Unfaithfulness to his authority*, and *Concealment of the means of exposing this unfaithfulness*. These charges I shall deal with in the order in which they are presented by the *Reviewer*, appending to each the results of certain investigations on my part into the points at issue.

I. CONCEALMENT OF DATES AND PAGES. The *Saturday Reviewer* says:—

"This [the testing the historian's accuracy by *Luttrell's* 'Diary'] is not indeed a very easy undertaking. Mr. Macaulay has been so much accustomed

to have his brilliant pictures picked to pieces and examined in detail by captious writers, that in self defence he has adopted the plan of *only giving the name of his authority*, and leaving to his Zoilus the task of hunting for the particular passage. So far as in the face of this *manœuvre*," &c.

That is, his lordship has been so discomfited by the attacks on his volumes published in 1849, that in those published in 1855 he has "in self-defence adopted," &c., the unworthy device just set forth.

My inquiry into the correctness of these positions led me first to the two sentences before mentioned, and to the corresponding ones in *Luttrell*. I next took a rapid journey through the History, numbering the special references in vols. 1 and 2 and vols. 3 and 4 respectively. Lastly I made a careful examination of the references to *Luttrell* contained in the four volumes.

On turning to volume 4 for the two Damnatory sentences, I certainly was not a little startled at finding in the text a conspicuous star pointing to the foot of the page, where, however, appeared, not the words "Narcissus *Luttrell*," the name of his authority only, but the figures "April 28, 1692." The date therefore is here *not* omitted; at the very threshold of the inquiry the charge of "Concealment" is upset.

I then examined the four volumes of the History, and made notes of the number of specific references, *i.e.*, references with certain dates or pages. In the four volumes I found altogether upwards of 3100 of such references. Of these 1780 were in volumes 3 and 4; that is, 450 more than are contained in volumes 1 and 2, or exceeding the references in the earlier volumes by some 50 more than the entire number of specific references in volume 1. In volumes 3 and 4 there are over 1500 pages, so that my calculation would give one specific reference for each page, and leave two besides for every week that the *Saturday Review* has been in existence.

So much for the charge of "only giving the name of his authority." The figures I have given include of course many references to *Luttrell's* "Diary;" but as that book is the *Reviewer's* avowed "Test," I have made a collection of the cases in which it is cited. They amount to about 140. In more than 30 of these *Luttrell* is the *only* author cited. As to these references, I shall merely state here that more than half the dates are given in the foot-notes to the History, and that in the remainder, with three or four exceptions, the dates are easily gathered from the text. In the other 110 cases the Diary is always referred to in conjunction with other authorities. Of these, 74 are in the later volumes of the History. In 25 out of the 74 the month is named, and very frequently the day of the month is also given. In 43 other cases either the text furnishes the reader with an easy clue, or side by side with the words "Luttrell's Diary," is set down a date in the *London Gazette* or the *Lords Journals*, in the Diary of Evelyn, or in that of Lord Clarendon, &c. Turning to the same date in *Luttrell*, you will not seldom find what you are in want of, and in the *majority* of cases the particulars will be found within five days of the date in other authorities. Let not the reader be alarmed at the idea of running through a few days' entries. The pages devoted to each month average only between eight and nine. The name of the month is invariably printed at the top of each right-hand page, and the giving of a new date in each page is always made the occasion for a fresh paragraph. And appended to the Diary, is an Index extending over 120 double-columned, closely printed, octavo pages, in very small type.

I conclude my reply to this charge of the Southampton Street Zoilus, by presenting the reader with a list of the cases in Vols. 3 and 4, in which *Luttrell* is referred to in conjunction with other authorities. In explanation of the Table, let me state that whenever *Luttrell* stands alone, it is to be understood that some date in the Diary is specifically referred to in the History. As to the others, I furnish the reader in most

instances with the clues by means of which I easily found out the dates.

VOL. III.

1. *William and Mary proclaimed*, p. 1, *Luttrell*, February 13.
2. *Rejoicings in London*, p. 2, *London Gazette*, February 14; *Luttrell*, Feb. 13.
3. *Military Discontent*, p. 5, *Luttrell*, February 23—27, 1689.
4. *The Great Seal*, p. 21, *Luttrell*, close of 1692.
5. *Kensington House*, p. 59, Evelyn's Diary, February 25; *Luttrell*, February.
6. *Burnet preaches before William*, p. 119; *London Gazette*, April 14; *Luttrell*, April 11.
7. *Suicide of Temple*, p. 176, text; *Luttrell*, April 18.
8. *Titus Oates*, p. 388, *Lords' Journals*, May 31; *Luttrell*, May 31.
9. *Titus Oates*, p. 393, *Lords' Journals*, July 30; *Luttrell*, July 24.
10. *Duke of Gloucester christened*, p. 395, *London Gazette*, August 1, 1689; *Luttrell*, July 27, 1689.
11. *Halifax absolved*, p. 410, note, Aug. 3; *Luttrell*, Aug. 3.
12. *Clergy sworn in*, p. 451, *London Gazette*, June 30, 1689; *Luttrell*, June 17.
13. *John elected Prolocutor*, p. 490, text, November 20—25; *Luttrell*, November 26.
14. *Jews' Petition*, p. 498, *Commons' Journals*, November 7 and 19; *Luttrell*, November 11.
15. *George Walker in London*, p. 503, *London Gazette*, September 2; *Luttrell*, August 28.
16. *Mock Bill of Indemnity*, p. 524, *Luttrell*, January 16, 1690.
17. *London Election*, p. 536, Van Citt., March 1; *Luttrell*, March 5.
18. *A Scrutiny*, p. 536, Van Citt., March 1.
19. *Delamere's Anger*, p. 539, text, April 25.
20. *Lord Torrington*, p. 550; Van Citt., May 5; *Luttrell*, April 19—30.
21. *Whig Discontent*, p. 551; Van Citt., March and April.
22. *Adjuration Bill Rejected*, p. 573; *Commons' Journals*, April 24—26; *Luttrell*, April 23.
23. *2nd Reading do.*, p. 575; *Lords' Journals*, May 2, 3; *Luttrell*, May 2.
24. *For Ireland Ho!* p. 579, text; *Luttrell*, May 12.
25. *Disaffection at Knaresborough*, p. 589; *Commons' Journals*, May 14, 15, 20; *Luttrell*, May 19.
26. *Crone Arraigned*, p. 592; *Clarendon's Diary*, March 6; *Luttrell*, March 5.
27. *Trial of do.*, p. 602; *Clarendon's Diary*, June 7, 13; *Luttrell*, June 6.
28. *Crone respited*, p. 603; *Clarendon's Diary*, June 19; *Luttrell*, July 19.
29. *Clarendon Arrested*, p. 605; *Clarendon's Diary*, June 26; *Luttrell*, June 22.
30. *Battle of the Boyne*, p. 629, text; *Luttrell*, July 4 and 7.
31. *Preparations for French Invaders*, p. 618; *Luttrell*, July 7—11.
32. *Schomberg*, p. 638, text; *Luttrell*, July 7.
33. *Joy in Dublin*, p. 642; *London Gazette*, July 10—14; *Luttrell*, July 10.
34. *French at Teignmouth*, p. 655; *London Gazette*, July and August; *Luttrell*, do.

VOL. IV.

35. *Lord Preston in Prison*, p. 20; *Caermarthen to William*, Feb. 3; *Luttrell*, Jan. 23.
36. *Turner's Escape*, p. 23; *Luttrell*, February, 1690.
37. *Penn's Escape*, p. 31; *Luttrell*, September, 1691.
38. *Paton re-imprisoned*, p. 32; *Luttrell*, August, 1691.
39. *William's Aversion to Fenwick*, p. 34; *Luttrell*, April, 1691.
40. *Sancroft's Grievance*, p. 39; Letter from Vernon to Wharton, June 9—11; *Luttrell*, June 24, 27.
41. *Beveridge misses a mitre*, p. 43; *Luttrell*, May 12, 14, 1691.
42. *The Veto*, p. 183; *Burnet*, II., 96.
43. *Ministerial Arrangements*, p. 186; *Luttrell*, March, 1692.
44. *Lord Huntington committed*, p. 226; *Luttrell*, April, 1692.
45. *James's Declaration*, p. 231; *Luttrell*, April, 1692.
46. *Dutch and English Fleet*, p. 235; *London Gazette*, May 19; *Luttrell*, May 14.
47. *La Hogue*, p. 237; *Russell to Nottingham*, May 29, 1692; *Luttrell*, May.
48. *London Rejoicings*, p. 242—3, text; *Luttrell*, May.
49. *Surgeons for the Wounded*, &c., p. 243; *Baden*, May 24; *Luttrell*, May.
50. *French Privateers*, p. 292, *Luttrell*, September.
51. *Bad Harvest*, p. 294; *Luttrell*, June, 1692, and May, 1693.
52. *Blackheath*, p. 297; *Luttrell*, November 15.
53. *Whitney captured*, p. 297; *Luttrell*, December, 1692.
54. *Whitney's story*, p. 298; *Luttrell*, January.
55. *Lord Mohun's Trial*, p. 312; Evelyn, February 4.
56. *Hove*, p. 358; *Luttrell*, November and December, 1692.
57. *Somers sworn in*, p. 375; *London Gazette*, March 27, 1693; *Luttrell*, March 23.
58. *Destruction of English Merchantmen*, p. 416; *Baden to States-General*, July 14; *Luttrell*, July 16.
59. *Mob of Women at Whitehall*, p. 423, text.
60. *A Political Jack-Pudding*, p. 423; *L'Hermilage*, September 15, 1693; *Luttrell*, September 2.
61. *Lord Caermarthen lampooned*, p. 424.
62. *Treason Bill*, p. 477; Letter to States-General, March 9, 1694.
63. *Stamp Duties*, p. 498; *Stat. 5 & 6, W. & M.*, c. 21, Dec. 25.
64. *"The Great Hum"*, p. 529; *L'Hermilage*, Jan. 4; *Luttrell*, December 21.
65. *Queen Mary's Death*, p. 532; *Commons' Journals*, December 28; *Luttrell*, December 28.
66. *Marlborough kisses William's Hand*, p. 505; *Shrewsbury to Russell*, January 24; *Luttrell*, January 24, 1695.

67. *William's Progress*, p. 612, text; Luttrell, October, 1695.
 68. *Suicide of Hampden*, p. 619; Postman, December 15, 17, 1696; Luttrell, December 12.
 69. *Executions*, p. 623; *L'Hermilage*, October, 1695; Luttrell in scores of places.
 70. *Attempt to corrupt Porter*, p. 713; London Gazette, October 19, 1696; Luttrell, October.
 71. *Arrest of Fenwick*, p. 715; Postman, June 11; Luttrell, June 13.
 72. *Press Bill*, p. 773; Commons Journals, April 1—3, 1697; Luttrell, April 3.
 73. *Whitefriars*, p. 774; Luttrell, June, 1691, and May, 1695.
 74. *A Writ in Alania*, p. 775; Postman, April 22, 1696.

I need make no remark upon the singular discrepancy between these memorable foot-note facts and the statements of the *Saturday Reviewer*. Now as to the second charge.

II. UNFAITHFULNESS TO AUTHORITIES.—The *Saturday Reviewer's* charges under this head are couched in these words:—"It is only with respect to minute facts that the fidelity of a modern historian is tried. Everybody knows the broad facts. Moreover, the controverted questions of history turn mainly on the motives of the personages engaged, and motives can only be judged by precisely these minute shades of manner, these microscopic incidents which Mr. Macaulay sacrifices wholesale to the exigencies of his style."

Elsewhere the *Reviewer* says, "So far as in the face of this manoeuvre [concealment of dates and pages] we have been able to judge, though there is nothing which can be called falsification, the charge of exaggeration is certainly proved. Mr. Macaulay's principle seems to be that if history is allowed to furnish the outline, at all events he may provide the colouring. It is interesting to watch the naked facts of history being dressed for the stage, and to observe the process by which the dry detail of life is worked up into a succession of startling antitheses. We will give an instance or two. Here is the raw material (Luttrell, vol. ii. 409), 'Discourst, a letter of Gastanaga's to the present Pope, is copied out at Rome and transmitted to the Duke of Bavaria, wherein he insinuates that King William had a design to introduce heresie into those countries with other reflections on his majestie.' And here is the manufactured article, resting, be it remembered, on no other authority than the above:—'Already Gastanaga, mortified by his disgrace, had written to inform the Court of Rome that changes were in contemplation which would make Ghent and Antwerp as heretical as Amsterdam and London.' (vol. ii. 267). Gastanaga, if he could rise from the dead would be surprised to find how much more eloquent than he imagined his style had been."

The confiding reader who closely examines the passage just given, straining his eyes for the detection of "colouring" and "exaggeration," looking narrowly into one sentence for the "shades" and "microscopic incidents" which are said to be "sacrificed" in the other, collecting the "dry details," and then turning to see them antithetically "worked up," will, alas, not take much by his pains. We have Luttrell's authority for the fact that Gastanaga insinuated that King William had a design to introduce heresie into those countries (the Spanish Netherlands). Lord Macaulay renders it that King William contemplated making Ghent and Antwerp as heretical as Amsterdam and London—the signification being perfectly identical, the language only being modernised. It is obvious that Luttrell did not pretend to quote the words of Gastanaga. Indeed, he does not pretend to have read the letter. He therefore only gives the substance of it in his own words; and his lordship does precisely the same thing, without professing to quote the words of either Luttrell or Gastanaga. He merely gives their meaning in his own words; and it is needless to observe that he was as fully warranted in adopting his own phraseology as Luttrell himself in the first instance. If events were never to be recorded except in the precise words of the original narrator, it is clear that none of the great histories which have been written would ever have come into existence.

And now for Damnatory Sentence number two: the *Saturday Reviewer* writes thus:—

"Again Mr. Macaulay tells us, on the authority of Narcissus Luttrell (Vol. iv. 282), 'Mountjoy, too, was among the slain. After languishing three years in the Bastille he had just been exchanged for Richard Hamilton, and having been converted to Whiggism by wrongs more powerful than all the arguments of Locke and Sidney, had instantly joined William as a volunteer.' On turning to Luttrell (ii. 436) it appears that the immediate volunteering under William, with all the fine flourish about conversion to Whiggism, is, as far as his quoted authority is concerned, a pure invention of Mr. Macaulay's. The following is Luttrell's meagre entry in the passage cited:—"Last night the Lord Mountjoy arrived here (London) from France after three years' imprisonment being exchanged for Major-General Hamilton."

The absurdity of this passage is extremely ludicrous. Lord Macaulay compresses into a single sentence a number of facts, most of which are generally well-known, but all of which, to be distinctly authenticated, would require between 20 and 30 references. Of these facts, he refers to Luttrell as his authority for several of the more important. Now, because the passage from Luttrell does not corroborate all the remainder, the *Saturday Reviewer*, in his zeal for literary morality, impeaches the historical integrity of Lord Macaulay. This is puerile.

The questions to be solved are, *was* Mountjoy "converted to Whiggism?" and if so by what means? That Mountjoy was once a devoted friend to King James is abundantly shown by Lord Clarendon (Letters from Ireland, Feb. 8, 1686, Vol. i. 43, and Feb. 11, 1686, Vol. i. 55). Of Mountjoy's efforts in James's cause, after *King William's landing in England*, and especially with regard to his attempt at inducing the Enniskilleners to repose confidence in the Catholic king, we find ample particulars "in McCormick's Further Impartial Account." And in King's "State of the Protestants of Ireland" (pp. 97, 98, and 103) mention is made of other remarkable services rendered by him to King James and also to the Lord Deputy Tyrconnel. The reasons for desiring Mountjoy's absence while vast plans for Protestant spoliation were being concocted, and the manner in which that nobleman was cajoled by Tyrconnel into going to Paris, that he might be imprisoned, will also be found in King's work. It also contains an account of the threatened confiscation of Mountjoy's property, and his sentence to hanging, drawing, and quartering, unless he (then a prisoner in the Bastille) surrendered himself in Ireland by a certain day (King, pp. 110, 111, and Appendix, containing the notorious "Act of Attainder," and Mountjoy's Circular Letter on going to France). Mountjoy's release from prison and arrival in England are shown by Luttrell to have taken place on the 27th of April, 1692. We have the same authority for the fact that he was killed fighting for King William at the battle of Steinkirk, on the 24th of the following July, that is to say, not quite three months after obtaining his liberty. As to the causes of his "Conversion," there is no well-read person who will deny that Mountjoy had suffered wrongs more potent in converting a Jacobite to Whiggism "than all the arguments of Locke and Sidney."

That rare facilities are afforded for verifying the statements contained in Lord Macaulay's work, I believe I have triumphantly shown; and also that tried by the *Saturday Reviewer's* "Test," the History of the English Revolution is eminently distinguished for its faithfulness to authorities.

I have the honour to be, Sir,
Your faithful servant,

AN ADMIRER OF "THE HISTORY OF ENGLAND
FROM THE ACCESSION OF JAMES THE SECOND."
London, Sept. 15, 1858.

The Government have presented the Manchester Botanical and Horticultural Society with a grant of a considerable number of duplicate specimens of botanical products from the Royal Gardens at Kew.

SOUTH KENSINGTON MUSEUM.—During the week ending 2nd October, 1858, the visitors have been as follows:—On Monday, Tuesday, and Saturday, free days, 3,997; on Monday and Tuesday, free evenings, 5,670. On the three students' days (admission to the public sixpence) 862; one students' evening, Wednesday, 114. Total, 10,643.

CORRESPONDENCE.

Wanted, The Address of the Lamartine Fund.—Sir,—Could you possibly (for an editor is supposed to possess a Joseph-Add kind of universal information that knows a little of everything to the advantage of everybody, and is generally expected to communicate such information without the usual fee) give me any clue as to the address of the Lamartine Fund? Charity should be kept secret, but that is no reason why the channels through which it should flow should be kept secret also. I am aware that a committee was organised, and that it was graced by the presence of some of our strongest names in literature and politics. Bankers were, likewise, nominated, but the advertisements have of late been so reserved and tactful on these matters, that though I have my offering in my hand in favour of this worthy cause, I really am at a loss to know to whom I should tender it. I believe that a little more publicity would have a happy effect on the subscriptions. At present, there is an indirect secrecy, which must lessen the amount of tribute-money, as there are doubtless many others, who, like myself, are left awkwardly in the dark as to where such tribute can be made payable to? It reminds one of the fastidiousness of the decayed old lady, who resorted to the Exeter Change Arcades of her day to cry her stock of "mackerel," in the hope that no one would hear her. I have a conviction (and I hope you will laugh at it, if it strikes you as an absurdity) that Lamartine is about the only honest literary man in France—but supposing one started with a lantern in search of such a rarity, I should run a very good chance of missing Lamartine, because my guides would get a candle in my lantern to help me in the discovery. I am confident that the committee, for the sake of saving a solitary dip, lose many a pound. Perhaps, Sir, you could light me on the way, so as to enable me to express my homage of a French writer, who has always devoted his great talents to uphold the glory of his country, and, unlike most clever Frenchmen, has never perverted them in abusing the dignity of our own—I am, Sir, yours, not knowing what turn to take, A RESOLUTE GUISSE.

Newly Discovered Pope MS.—I was interested in reading in your contemporary the *Illustrated London News*, that a discovery has been made of some valuable manuscripts of Pope, with numerous corrections, alterations, and emendations, never before heard of. These are, I read, to be embodied in the new edition of Pope to be issued by Mr. Murray. In this case I shall never see them, for I live in the country, and never laid out, and never shall lay out four guineas on a book in all my life. I do hope that Mr. Murray, who has done so much to place the best kind of reading within the reach of those who are educated but not affluent, will, when his grand edition is out, give us a cheap one, and allow those who can afford half a guinea, but not eight times that sum for an intellectual pleasure, to trace the mental labour by which Pope gradually brought his epigrams to their full effulgence.—A CURATE.

Piping Hot (*Literary Gazette*, page 414).—The following from "Lemon's Dictionary," will determine the guess of W. B. on the origin of our proverb, "piping hot":—"This expression was taken from the custom of a baker's blowing his pipe, or horn, in the villages, to let the people know that he had just drawn his bread, and, consequently, that it was 'piping hot and light.'"—Lemon's Dictionary, 1783.—L. G. C.

The National Gallery.—Who is the Framers of Inscriptions for the National Gallery? He must be a gentleman of much accuracy and elegance of mind. It is some time since attention was called to his proclamation calling upon persons to take off their stockings before entering the building. He still requires them to "scrape their feet." And now he announces that the National Gallery is closed for upwards of a year, but comforts us by promising that it shall be re-opened on the 25th of October next. Yours truly, J. J. Oct. 8th.

Dramatic Talent not wisely encouraged.—Sir, I write in reference to a letter signed "TAIFELER," which appeared in your last number, with the above heading. The writer is a gentleman with a grievance, and may be excused his querulousness, but really his grievance when examined becomes infinitesimal. It amounts to this, that one of our London theatrical managers, in a moment of irritation at being pestered by an author, advertised that he would receive no play unless it were introduced to him by a member of the Dramatic Authors' Society. I dare say that Mr. Buckstone has entirely forgotten, or at least practically withdrawn his edict, but if not, any gentleman of respectability is surely able to become acquainted with one of that numerous and affable brotherhood, the D.A.S., so as to obtain the introductory note to the manager. An author of position would, I imagine, feel pleasure in advancing the interest of a meritorious young writer. As a rule, however, Mr. Triplett may be assured that the managers are too good to get hold of good pieces; and that, if an author's work is not brought out, the obstacle is not at the stage-door. There are, however, some bora who are well-known to managers, and which bora, nevertheless, do meet with considerable discouragement. There are men who, having had a piece rejected, have not the sense to see that this was

because the piece was bad; and therefore the moment a new management is announced, the work is sent in; and this process is so often repeated, that a "reader" can detect at a glance when he is enduring old rubbish instead of new. If Mr. Triplet be one of these bodes, he does not command the sympathy of, Yours truly, AN EX-READER OF PLAYS.

The English Orpheus.—I have before me a music-book, bearing the name of the "English Orpheus." It has not a date on the title page, but some of the pieces of music are dated 1743. It contains "ninety-six of the most favourite English and Scotch songs, with the music." The publisher is Thomas Kitchen, in Bertlet's Street, near St. John's Gate, Clerkenwell. The work is got up with care, a neat and appropriate engraving, with a landscape, heading each song. Most of the poetry is of the Strephon and Chloe order, with some of the "lass and glass" Bacchanalisms of the day. But the very first song is that which readers of Smollett will remember as having been so mercilessly victimised by the officer in the Bath coach, when Roderick Random was travelling with Miss Snapper. The gallant soldier sang:—

Would you tawk the moon-ty'd hair,
To yon flagrant beau repair;
Where, waving with the popping vow,
The bantling fine will shelter yow.

Miss Snapper, rejecting Roderick's suggestion that the singer meant burlesque, ascribed his nonsense to ignorance. The original is, in my book.—

Would you taste the noon-tide air,
To yon fragrant bow'r repair;
Where, woven with the poplar bough,
The mantling vine will shelter yow.

Down each side a fountain flows,
Tinkling, murmuring, as it goes, &c.

The "persecuting tune," which the clown-officer in Waverley refused to let his men march to, demanding a psalm instead, I mean "Dumbarton's Drums," is here, also. But one poem is inserted which must have been very much astonished at finding itself amid so much trash, and roystering mirth. It is George Herbert's exquisite poem on Sunday.

Sweet day, so cool, so calm, so bright,
The bridal of the earth and sky.

But it evidently got in by some mistake, the eye of the maker of the book having been caught by the word "bridal." He has depicted an elegant gentleman, in the costume of 1743, walking elegantly, "with clouded cane," in a tasteful garden, a mermaid blowing up a fountain before him, and a handsome house in the distance, and the poem is called "Conjugal Love!" Some of your readers, who are neither antiquaries nor bibliomaniacs, but nevertheless enjoy looking into an old book, and the associations it calls up, may not think these notes on the "Orpheus" impertinent. If you think them so, the remedy is in your own hands.—A LOVENER.

British Museum Reading Room.—Sir, your young Correspondent, "A GOTTLING," has so far the best of the dispute, that it is needless for me to come forward with arguments on his side. But a word of evidence may be worth having; and therefore I am, as a regular Museum reader, prepared to say, that it is the Old Fogies who are the nuisance, with their chattering and mumbling, their exchanging snuff-boxes, their stermutations, their coughing, and their expectations. There is one old party whose sneeze (and he is always sneezing) makes a noise like the bang of the door in the Whispering Gallery of St. Paul's.—Your obedient Servant, W. I.

Author's name wanted.—Can you tell me the author of the following lines, which I find in a scrap-book?—

Your monarch's livery you may wear, tis true,
But your vocation should be honoured, too.
We meet the postman with an eager face,
But slam the door in the collector's face.—F. P. E.

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